The Pioneer Catholic Church

—OF THE—

State of New York

THE PIONEER CHURCH

—OF THE—

STATE OF NEW YORK.

—BY THE—

REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

With Other Essays.

—AND AN INTRODUCTION BY THE—

Rt. Rev. P. A. Ludden, D. D.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
ST. JOHN'S RECTORY,
1897.

INTRODUCTION.

Even a hasty glance through the pages of this little work convinces me that its author can claim much merit in this contribution to the christian literature of our early Catholic missions in this part of the country. The Latin historian, Salust, tells us that he who records and transmits to posterity the noble deeds of ancestors, confers a benefit on the commonwealth, and in a measure deserves praise, no less than those who perform these noble deeds. He considers the writing of history the highest occupation that can occupy human energy and engage the efforts of the mind. And, indeed, history is a prime factor in the enlightenment, refinement and cultivation of the human race. But, apart from the Inspired Writings, history is essentially the product of the fallible human intellect and, from its

very nature objectively or subjectively considered, there is no department of human science more liable to error and deception. Not seldom lying is substituted for truth, and often fancy is assumed for facts. Even when facts are given, their costume and drapery are the devices of the writer's art, and these devices are formed and fashioned after his tastes and temper, his ontological training, his religious prejudices, social environments and political predilections. Too often it is *his story* not *history*. Hence, while in ordinary affairs of life, we must depend on human testimony, yet there is no department in all the range of human science that we ought to scrutinize with closer precision or accept with more cautious reserve than that of history. From the historian we ought to expect dates, facts, truthful narrations, and logical deductions, not fakes, fabrications or fables. Nor is history the proper field for the exercise and display of rhetorical grace of style or elegance of diction. Macaulay's famous New Zealander sitting on a broken arch of London bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, is not history, and probably not prophesy. It is

literary display suitable for school-boy declamation. Like all the sciences, the true value of history rests and depends on the data of original facts.

The value of this little work lies in its rudimentary character. Many even among our literary and learned know not, and seem careless to learn, that Catholic missionaries were the first to introduce christianity into these regions and to carry to the children of the forest its civilizing influence. The annals of our early missioners' labors are meagre: but, since they do not date back to remote antiquity, their authenticity is readily attainable. The author of this little work having the taste, talent, and industry requisite to familiarize himself with the necessary evidences, documentary and oral, we may expect in his work truthful history and accurate statements.

†P. A. LUDDEN,

Bishop of Syracuse,

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

These historical and educational sermons were delivered in the Church of St. John the Baptist, Syracuse, N. Y., during its Silver Jubilee. They give a brief history of the Pioneer Church of the State of New York, from its foundation in 1654 to the present day. They also treat of the educational work of the church in this vicinity. The author and editor sends them forth with the hope that they may be an incentive to others, better equipped to preserve a record of the heroic deeds and the exalted christian virtues of our predecessors in the faith.

ST. JOHN'S RECTORY,

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

CONTENTS.

The Pioneer Catholic Church

—IN THE—

STATE OF NEW YORK.

When we look out upon our beautiful central city and her prosperous surroundings and behold on every side evidences of her growing greatness; when we contemplate the variety of her institutions and the contentment and happiness of her people; when we find that genius and learning and good common sense have been lavished upon our multiplied institutions of relig-

ion, education and industry; when we consider the number of distinguished citizens this county has reared for every walk in life, and the high and distinguished positions many of them held and are still holding in church and state administration, we feel rising within us an earnest desire to trace back its first origin to as remote an antiquity as possible. We would make, as it were, a pilgrimage to the cradle of our civilization and examine the first faint source of our religious, social and political history. We would behold the institution in germ that has expanded into a growth so magnificent and beautiful as our Central New York.

The church of St. John the Baptist as a modern organization is of comparatively recent date. Her history, however, goes to a remote period and is intimately connected with the earliest discoveries and settlements on the continent of North America. This region was visited by the Catholic priests upwards of one hundred years before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and long before the

Dutch settled the New Netherlands on Manhattan island. The monumental stone discovered on Pompey Hill by Philo Cleveland in the year 1820, bearing the date 1520, carries back our local history 376 years from our own time—to a period when the Spaniards were making their discoveries in Florida. This stone, in all probability, was left by some missionary priest to mark the resting place of a companion who had fallen on his journey from Florida to the north in quest of souls. The inscription on the stone bears out this conclusion, for it is in ecclesiastical form used only by the Catholic clergy. Translated, it is as follows: Leo X., by the grace of God reigning,—sixth year of his pontificate. Pope Leo X. was crowned pope in the year 1514, and hence 1520 would be the sixth year of his pontificate. Besides, the stone crowned by a cross, bears the engraving of a tree in the center, with a serpent curled around it. This is an old Spanish emblem symbolizing reward and punishment. The stone is now in the state museum at Albany and is considered an authentic relic of antiquity.

You see, therefore, that the history of this parish is closely interwoven with the history of the continent. In it we have the opening pages of the Catholic church in this country. Other localities were blessed with the presence of the black robed priests, prior to this vicinity, for everywhere in this broad land of ours the Catholic church first sought the evangelization of the child of the forest. The saintly Father Jogues, S. J., in 1642, was one of the first to pass through our valley on his mission of peace to his beloved Hurons. It was he who on the feast of Corpus Christi named our lake George the lake of the Blessed Sacrament, in honor of the holy Eucharist; it was he who inscribed the holy name of Jesus on the forest trees of the great empire state; it was he who preached so lovingly to the savage Mohawks, to be rewarded afterwards with a martyr's crown. The place where he was martyred has been identified and has now a beautiful shrine where thousands from all parts of the country flock yearly to beg the powerful intercession of this servant of God. We have traditions of occasional visits of mis-

sionaries to the Onondagas, prior to the coming of Father Le Moyne in 1654. But he is the real founder of the Catholic church in this county. We will have him tell the story of his coming in his own words. He says in his relations:*

"On July 17, 1654, I set out from Montreal and embarked for a land as yet but little known, accompanied by a young man of piety and fortitude, who had long been a resident of that country." On August 5, Father Le Moyne had nearly finished his journey. He says: "We traveled four leagues before reaching the principal Onondaga village. I passed many persons on the way who kindly saluted me, one calling me brother, another uncle, and another cousin. I never thought I had so many relations. At a quarter of a mile from the village I began to hurrah in a solemn and commanding tone, which gained me much credit—I named all their chiefs, families and distinguished persons. I told them that peace and joy were my companions and that I scattered war among distant

*Jesuits 1 Relations.

nations. Two chiefs addressed me as I entered the village with a welcome that I had never before experienced among savages. At the grand council assembled by all the chiefs in the cabin of Ondessonk," the good father continues: "I opened the council with the sign of the cross and with public prayer on my knees, in a loud voice in the Huron tongue. I astonished them exceedingly by calling them all by nations, tribes, families and individuals, which amounted to no small number. This I was able to do from my notes, and to them it was as astonishing as it was novel."

In another letter we find the following: "On August 16, 1654, we arrived at the entrance of a small lake; we tasted the water of a spring which the Indians were afraid to drink, saying that it was inhabited by a demon who rendered it foul. I found it to be a fountain of salt water as natural as if from the sea, some of which we carried to Quebec." This spring is known as the Jesuits' well.

In his relation of August 7, Father Le Moyne says: "I baptised a young captive, 15 or 16 years old, taken from the

neuter nation, who had been instructed in the mysteries of our faith by a Huron convert. This was the first convert made at Onondaga. The joy I experienced was ample compensation for all past fatigues."

*Here was erected the first Catholic church in the state of New York, which was dedicated in honor of St. John the Baptist, the patron saint of our present edifice. Father Claude Dablon, who succeeded Father Le Moyne, writes of the erection of their first church as follows: "It is true that for marble and precious stones we employed only bark. As soon as it was erected it was dedicated by the baptism of three children, to whom the way to heaven was opened as wide beneath those vaults of bark, as to those held over baptismal fonts fretted with gold and silver."

The first request for a missionary settlement on Onondaga lake came from Ondessonk, the great chief of the Onon-

---

*NOTE.—General Clark claims that the first chapel was built about 12 miles from Onondaga lake—two miles south of the present village of Manlius.

dagas, who said, according to the relations of Father Le Moyne: "We request you to select on the banks of our lake a convenient place for a French habitation and chapel. Place yourself in the heart of our country, since you have possessed our utmost affections. There we can go for instruction and consolation, and from thence you can spread yourselves everywhere."

Father Dablon was succeeded by Father Joseph Chaumonot, who replaced the first chapel by a more commodious one. His eloquence was well adapted to the Indian mind. On his first visit to the Onondagas, after presenting and exchanging presents, he burst forth in his impassioned eloquence in these words: "These wampum belts which I bring you are to assuage and soothe your sorrow, but they will not prevent sickness nor death; I bring you a sovereign remedy for all your ills; for this I have braved many dangers in coming to you, and you have displayed your intelligence in journeying to Quebec to seek me. The great remedy I bring you is the faith of Jesus Christ, which undoubtedly you will favorably re-

ceive, as you have acted so wisely in soliciting it." His address was heard with deep attention, interrupted only by the applauding cries of the sachems and chiefs of the Five Nations, who had gathered at the great council fire to listen, for the first time, to the presentation of the Christian faith. How deeply the eloquent Jesuit impressed his hearers may be seen by the fact, that the very wampum belts presented on that day by Father Chaumonot are still preserved by the Iroquois league of this county.*

Father Chaumonot received many converts during his short administration, one, a woman, who was highly esteemed by the Onondagas. After her reception into the church she instructed in the Catholic faith all connected with her household and had them baptised. She established a Sunday school in her own hut, where she taught catechism and *prayers* to the children of the neighboring families. (This was in 1655.) Father Chaumonot was peculiarly adapted for Indian missionary life. He labored with

*Shae.

the Onondagas for some time and then returned to Quebec. After an absence of a few months they sent a delegation to request his return among them. "Why do you not come at once," they said, since you see that all our village approve it? We have not ceased all this winter to go in crowds to the chapel on the lake to pray and be instructed. You have been cordially welcomed in all our cabins whenever you visited them to teach. You cannot doubt our dispositions, since we have made you such a solemn present, with protestations so public that we are believers in your faith." In answer to this request Fathers Dablon and Chaumonot were sent to continue the work of evangelization. In the autumn of the following year it was deemed advisable for Father Dablon to again return to Quebec for supplies, and, if possible, to secure a colony of white people to protect this central mission.

On account of the season of hunting, Father Dablon found it difficult to obtain guides to conduct him back te Quebec. He says in his relations, with that simplicity of faith and trust in divine provi-

dence which characterizes the Catholic missionary: "We determined upon saying a novena of masses in honor of St. John the Baptist, the patron saint of this mission, in order to obtain light in a business where all was dark to us." Continuing, he says so sweetly and so full of trust in God: "Behold, how contrary to our expectations and to all human appearances, without knowing how it was done or by whom, immediately after the ninth mass I set out from Onondaga accompanied by two of the principal young men of the village and by several others, whom doubtless St. John the Baptist inspired to engage in this enterprise and journey." The chief of the escort was named St. Jean Baptiste, he being the first adult of the Iroquois baptised in full health,

Father Dablon and his guides crossed Oneida lake on the ice on March 6, 1656, and proceeded by the usual northern trail to the mouth of the Salmon river, whence he reached Montreal on the 30th of the same month. Father Chaumonot remained at Onondaga, and the following summer was joined by Father Dab-

lon, Father Mercier, Father Rene Mesnard, Father Jacques Fremin, Brother Ambrose Boar and Brother Bourgier. With the missionaries came a colony composed of four nations: French, Onondagas, Senecas and Hurons. They floated a white flag in each canoe, with the word *Jesus* painted in large letters in the center of each. After experiencing many hardships and dangers they arrived on the shores of our lake July 11. They were welcomed by Father Chaumonot and the chiefs of Onondaga, who awaited them. After greetings were exchanged they repaired to the chapel, where holy mass was celebrated and the Te Deum was chanted in gratitude for their safe arrival and friendly reception.

On the following day they commenced the erection of their dwellings and a fort for the soldiers. The location of this fort and mission house was on the east shore of Onondaga lake, on lot 106 in the present town of Salina, where the embankment and outlines of the fort were plainly to be seen by the early settlers of this county. The two springs of fresh and salt water remained in their natural

state until within the past few years, when they were filled in by the present occupant. This well is known in history as the Jesuits' well. (Our neighbor and townsman, H. A. Moyer, had the waters of these two springs analyzed, which analysis is in possession of the writer.)*

For a while the mission prospered. Other missions branched out from it among the Oneidas, Cayugas and Senecas.† Converts were continually added to the faith and the anticipations of the missionaries were raised to the highest pitch. The little chapel was enlarged, and hopes for the conversion of the entire tribes were entertained by them. But while these fond expectations were

*The site of the old mission and the Jesuits' well is now the property of the Onondaga Historical Society. It is the intention of said society to erect a monument to mark this sacred spot. The character and plan of this monument has not been yet decided, though it is sur-

†The results of the labors of the black robes were visible everywhere. The relations of 1657 give a pen picture of the daily life of the forefathers of this parish. "*The divine office* is re-

indulged, the savage Mohawks—who had been weaned away from their Catholic faith, as a fatal result of a struggle for supremacy between the two most powerful nations of Europe—entered into a conspiracy with the Onondagas to destroy the French missions. The plot was revealed by a friendly Indian, and the missionaries and the French colony escaped by the following ingenius method: Being forewarned of the intended massacre, they had prepared to escape in the night, if they could avoid exciting the suspicions of the Indians, by means of several light boats, which they had secretly constructed in the large storehouse of the mission. The

---

mised that it will partake of the nature of a blending of the civic and the religious; a building to contain the many Indian relics found at various places in the county during the past half century; and a monument with a base of Onondaga lime stone surmounted by bronze figures, representing Father Le Moyne baptizing an Indian chief.

---

cited, the sacraments are administered, the christian virtues are practiced with as much modesty, care and fervor as they are in the most Catholic and devout provinces of Europe."

opportunity was furnished them by the ingenuity of a young man, very much a favorite with the great chief, who feigned he had a dream that the great chief must provide a general feast, after the custom of the Indian nation. The rule of politeness required that they should eat and drink all set before them, and the consequence was that they afterwards became gorged and stupified, and so it happened on this occasion. The banquet was prepared; all had feasted to surfeiting; the young man played on his guitar to soothe them into profound slumbers. In a little while they were all asleep and before they awoke the missionaries and their followers had shipped their boats and soon were far beyond their reach. In the morning the Indians supposed that the whites had been sleeping as soundly as themselves, and it was not until they had examined the premises that they discovered that their intended victims had fled.

When the Mohawk conspiracy had died out, the Onondagas repented for having driven away their best and truest

friends, the missionaries, and sent an invitation to them to return once more. This petition was accepted. A new colony, headed by the black gown, soon arrived, but alas, to be disturbed again by war clouds. The French and English, aided by the Dutch and Iroquois, were once more at war. The peaceful missions were again in danger of being destroyed. It seemed as if all must be abandoned. However, religious zeal was still active and nothing was left undone by the Jesuits to calm the passions of the outraged natives, but in vain. Prejudice and the domination of a power unfriendly to the Catholic faith, which she had thrown off, poisoned the Indians against the black gown, and after a heroic struggle of nearly a century the Catholic missions of New York disappeared, and are only known to the present generations through the distorted pages of history. Many of the converts retired to Canada, where they lived and died good Catholics. Hundreds of their descendants are leading to-day peaceful, civilized, christianized lives in Northern New York.

To show the friendly mind of the Indian toward the Catholic missionary, I will recount an incident told by Father Le Mercier in his relations. When the Onondagas had fully realized the great loss they had sustained in driving away the black gown, and when they understood the secret of the Mohawk conspiracy, they once more, through their great chief, sent a delegation to Quebec to have the missionaries return. The fathers returned, and this noble barbarian, Gara-kon-tie, made a chapel of his hut for the celebration of the holy mass and the preaching of the word of God. Later he built a chapel larger and more commodius than the first one. But soon the Iroquois and the French were again at war. A new treaty was proposed, and to Father Lamberville was intrusted the task of assembling the chiefs of the Five Nations. They met on the shores of Lake Ontario and were seized, put in irons, hurried to Quebec and thence to France, where the chiefs and the hunters were chained to the oar, in the galleys of Marseilles. This was in 1685. Bancroft says of this cruel act: "Meanwhile the old men of

the Onondagas summoned Father Lamberville to their presence. "We have much reason," said an aged chief, "to treat thee as an enemy, but we know thee too well; thou hast betrayed us, but treason was not in thine heart; fly, therefore, for when the young braves shall have sung their war song, they will listen to no voice but the swelling voice of their anger." Trusty guides conducted the missionary through by-paths into a place of security. This noble forbearance was due to the counsel of Gar-a-kon-tie, the chief who built the second chapel for the mission of St. John the Baptist. Generous barbarian, exclaims Bancroft: "Your honor shall endure, if words of mine can preserve the memory of your deeds." He protected the missionary father because he knew that as a messenger of peace, he could not be party to an act of cruelty or of injustice.*

*Gar-a-kon-tie was a noble character. He was the friend of the French captives, whom he often rescued from a most cruel death through his pleadings and his presents, or purchased them from their masters with costly gifts. While still a pagan he assembled the Christian captives in his own cabin night and morning for

This was a barren victory for the French, and brought upon new France all the horrors and destruction of intermittent war, which finally led to the downfall of the French power in Canada. To trace the origin of this work of destruction we must go back once more to the opening pages of our American history. We find that the French and English began the colonization of North America at nearly the same period. The jealousies and rivalries which had long made them enemies in the old world were transplanted to the new continent.

---

prayer, and on Sunday he prepared some feast for them, to keep them faithful to their Christian duty and thus offset the bad example of the pagan Indians. He purchased a crucifix that had been stolen by the Mohawks. as he knew they would profane it and placed it in the little chape on our lake which he had adorned for the Christians in this vicinity. Though this great chief had often asked for baptism into the church, yet to test his sincerity it had been deferred till the favorable moment. He was received into the church while attending a peace council in Quebec. When asked by the Bishop if he wished to be baptised, he arose and delivered an eloquent oration in favor of the faith. He publicly proclaimed his belief in the teachings of the Catholic church, renounced all pagan practices and

The French, by settling on the St. Lawrence, whose waters head in the great lakes of the Northwest, within a few miles of the tributaries of the Mississippi, which flows half across the continent to

---

asked to be received into the true fold. He spoke with such love and zeal for christianity, and expressed such an ardent desire for baptism that the Bishop at once resolved to grant his request and to give all the pomp possible to the beautiful ceremony. The Governor of New France and the daughter of the Intendant stood sponsors for the Indian chief and the Bishop administered the sacrament in the cathedral of Quebec,which was crowded with French and the representatives of every Indian tribe in New France. When asked if he wished to be baptised he said he had long since desired that happiness; and he returned thanks to the Bishop for making him a child of the church and an heir of heaven. Garakontie was one of the greatest Indians known to history. He certainly was one of the wisest and most influential among the Iroquois chiefs and his adoption of Christianity showed that the black robed missionaries were making a deep impression on the minds of the most intelligent Indians, for, many of the leading chiefs of the other nations followed his example and asked for baptism. Besides, the rank and file of the tribes were very much benefitted by these notable conversions. Many renounced old customs which were im-

the Gulf of Mexico, had the advantage of the most direct means of access to the country, and to the rich and magnificent valleys and praries of the great West. In a few years they had ascended the St. Lawrence to the upper lakes; had crossed over to the Mississippi and descended to

---

moral, and abstained from liquor which was bringing disgrace and ruin upon their race. Drunkenness was very common among the tribes and it was on such occasions that the christian Indians showed the influence of their faith upon their lives. They took no part in these excesses, but would steal away into their little chapel to pray for their unfortunate brethren.

Garakontie died in 1676 far advanced in years. He contracted a severe cold while going some distance in a storm to attend a midnight mass When the end was near. Father De Lamberville prepared him for death. He made his farewell address and advised the nation to maintain peace with the French—to abandon their superstitions and become christians. His soul passed away amid the prayers of the priest and his faithful followers. Before the end came he requested that a cross be erected over his grave to remind the nation that he died a Catholic. (A fragment of this cross and a rosary are in the possession of Notre Dame Univsrsity, Ind.) Father De Lamberville preached an eloquent sermon on this occasion, in which he extolled his virtues and urged his hearers to imitate his example.

the Gulf of Mexico; they had explored the vast fertile regions between the Alleghanies and Texas, and visited every tribe between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Mobile Bay. The French, to maintain mastery over this vast territory, sought the friendship and alliance of the Indian tribes. *While these efforts were being made, the Iroquois, or Five Nations, the most powerful confederation of Indians on the continent, were holding the ground between the English and the French in the state of New York, for their empire extended from the Hudson river to Lake Erie. They were neutrals at first, and lived at peace with the French and English, but this was of short dura-

*The formation of the league of Iroquois was the work of time. The place of honor was given to To-do-da-ho, an Onondaga sachem, who was recognized as the official head of the league. The sachems of each nation constituted the council of that nation and they wielded the same authority in their respective nations that the great council exerted over the league. The league was held together by the ties of family life, and the different nations were merely interrelated families aspiring to the same end. So near was this relationship that no one was al-

tion. The two rival powers contended for the supremacy in the wilds of North America, and in no portion of the territory was the conflict waged more fiercely than in our central New York. Both nations sought the friendship of the Iroquois, often regardless of the interests of religion that were at stake. This made the Onondaga mission probably the most important on the continent. It was the center of the league of the Five Nations, the capitol at which all the great national councils were held; where the sachems and chiefs from the Hudson river to Lake Erie assembled to attend to the business of state; where the national policy and all the great questions of peace and war were decided.

---

lowed to marry into his own clan. This principle made the league a great family with identical interests, and established it upon solid foundations. The structure of the league was admirably conceived and its operation was free from many of the cumbersome features of the governments of civilized states. It was a popular form of government, which made the Iroquois the most famous and most prominent nation among the Indians of North America. It might be mentioned here that Indian tradition holds that Hiawatha was the founder of the league and that

Consequently, the Onondaga missions were very important to the Jesuits, who were here purely for the salvation of souls. From this center visits were made to the various tribes of the state by the Fathers, and with considerable success. In these religious expeditions they encouraged commerce with the French, but be it remembered that the ecclesiatical authorities never sanctioned a policy that would tend to make the church the tool of the state in extending the power and dominion of France or any other nation on this continent under pretext of converting the natives. Individuals in authority may have duped and deceived the men of God, who were in quest of the

---

he dwelt upon the shores of our Onondaga lake. His wise counsels made the Onondagas the ruling nation of the league.

There were five distint nations of the Iroquois: the Mohawks, who dwelt in the Mohawk valley; the Oneidas, near lake Oneida; the Onondagas, near lake Onondaga; the Cayugas, near lake Cayuga, and the Senecas, who dwelt in the valley of the Genesee. West of the Senecas and between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, near the Niagara river dwelt the Neuter nation, the irreconciliable enemies of the Iroquois.

souls of these unknown savages, but the church never had any part in such a crime. Thus the Indians always held the black gown innocent of duplicity or treachery, for to this very day, in all parts of this continent, he wants religion taught him as taught of old in the virgin forests of long ago. This is evidenced by the spiritual condition of the wards of the Nation; wherever he has been denied the privileges of worshiping God as his forefathers worshiped, he has fallen back into the night of paganism from which he was rescued by the Catholic missionaries.

And right here I wish to correct two statements that have been going the rounds of the pulpit and the press. The first charge is that the Catholic missionaries baptised Indians and received them into the church without instruction. Now this charge is absolutely false. The records of the missionaries, English, French and Spanish, show that instruction always preceded baptism in those who had attained the age of reason and that when the fundamental truths were implanted in the

minds of the newly converted, baptism was, except in rare cases, long deferred in order to test the constancy of the candidate. The catechisms and Bible readings prepared for missionary use in all parts of this continent are still in existence and show how carefully the missionaries endeavored to convey to those in preparation for baptism the fundamental principles of the church, in terms that an Indian mind could grasp. The written statement of the missionaries who labored in all parts of the continent show the utter falsity of the charge.

Another charge is made to the effect that the French missionaries taught the Indians that they would secure eternal happiness by killing the English heretics. The Protestant historians: Bancroft, Parkman, Windsor and Fisk, who have examined all the printed statements of the early missionaries, and the numberless manuscripts from their pens, have openly stated that no such doctrine can be found anywhere in them. There is not the slightest proof that can be cited that Catholic priests ever inculcated any such ideas. Catholic Canada never sought

war; she constantly proposed colonial and especially Indian neutrality. Her clergy did not as these writers attempt to prove, make denunciations of Protestantism or Protestants a topic for use in their pulpits. The "Simple Cobbler of Aggawam," by Ward, contains more matter calculated to arouse hatred and bad blood against Catholics than all Canadian literature.

It seems like a dream. The children of the forest were transformed by the gentle teachings of the black gowned missionaries from savage beasts and ravenous wolves into gentle lambs and docile children of the church. But the evil days came. England and France contended for supremacy in these primeval forests. The peaceful, christianized Indians were made partisans in this bitter conflict and the work of the self-sacrificing missionaries was apparently of no avail. But God's ways are not man's. The blood of the first pastors of this parish has been the seed from which sprung some of the sweetest flowers that ever grew in the garden of the church. The saintly Indian maidens and Indian war-

riors, who lived and died in the faith are sufficient proof of this statement. A great change has taken place since the first white man landed on the shores of our Onondaga lake.

The history of the Catholic church in the county of Onondaga, as we have seen, is interwoven with the deeds, the trials, the sufferings, the successes and the martyrdoms of the heroic Jesuit fathers, who were the first palefaces to break these primeval forests. It is a history that warms the christian's heart. When standing upon the farther shore of Onondaga lake we can see renewed in the vision of time the same sacrifice which is now daily offered in hundreds of Catholic churches in the State of New York. The black gown of that day is as much the priest of the living God as the black gown of to-day. Where then he trained the untutored child of the forest, he now lifts his hands in benediction beneath the roof of a beautiful house, built indeed by man, but blest by God; where then the cruel war whoop rang through the solemn air, now there arises the hum of quiet voices all attuned to the blended

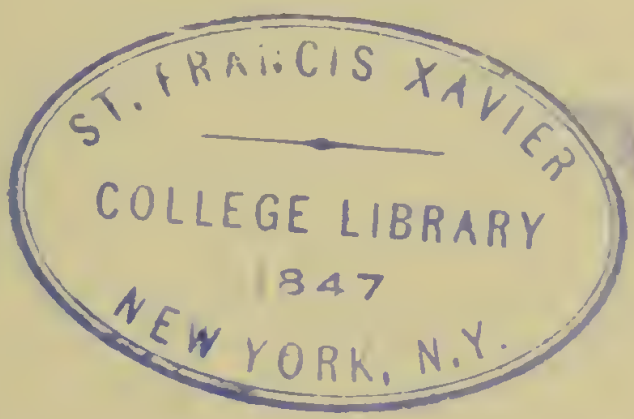
harmony of christian civilization. Where then the trackless forests spread in utter bewilderment, now may be seen a vast people, living under chartered laws, in happy homes, and in thousands of numbers sitting down together in the social intercourse of Christian peace and harmony.

The Jesuit missionary and the fierce Indian live now in history only; but who can take from those missionaries of Catholic Europe the glory which certainly is theirs? The many sacrifices for the faith they made are evidenced in all the christianizing and civilizing influences of this country. In order to show how much they did for this county, and we might say for the great state of New York, and how lasting was their influence on it and its after companion, the village of Syracuse, we have but to remember that these black gowned missionaries could read the workings of nature in her thousands of mysterious ways, as well as the laws of the most high God. Thus did they discover in our county that which was afterwards to be the principal business of the

place, and from which Salina takes its name—the salt wells. No matter in what light we view these wells, they are to the American continent an object of universal interest. They are especially so to the people of Central New York, for it was the fame of the salt industry that made the foreigner, seeking a home where no monarchy could shackle his hopes and aspirations, come to this place, sometimes to find and sometimes not to find, these hopes fully realized.

The Jesuit, Father Le Moyne, the founder of the Onondaga mission, was the first to make known the usefulness of these salt springs to the Indian and the white man, and with the usual success of first discovers. His statement was called a Jesuit lie and was laughed at by the Dutch of New Amsterdam, but curious to relate, the chronicler spelled the word "lye," an unconscious vindication to the Jesuit's truthfulness. The industry was as nothing then; it was merely a curiosty. Traders carried it to Albany and Quebec, only to exhibit it

in exchanging their furs. The salt blocks, the ruins of which now surround us, were then a few small household kettles; yet this was the beginning of an industry which afterwards grew into such vast proportions.



The Pioneer Catholic Church

——IN THE——

STATE OF NEW YORK.

PART II.

The history of the pioneer Catholic church of Central New York is a history which lingers in the memories of a few who are yet living, who saw the infant church develop day by day, who watched the little mustard seed grow and spread out into a grand tree, under whose protecting branches so many now find rest and happiness. We must examine and

bring down to the present time the story of the infancy, the childhood and the sturdy manhood of old St. John the Baptist's parish. The town of Salina was incorporated in the year 1809, and the first town meeting was held on the 9th of May of the same year, in a tavern, the present site of the Salt Inspector's office, Exchange and Salina streets. The village of Salina was incorporated in the year 1824. The enactment declares "That it shall be on the ground adjoining the south-east side of Free street, that the village shall consist of sixteen blocks, each six chains square, that each lot be divided into four sections, and that no lot shall be sold for a less sum than $40.

Among the men who composed the first Board of Trustees of this village corporation was one whose memory will ever be held in honor by Catholic and non-Catholic alike; namely, Thomas McCarthy. The prestige granted him for his strict integrity and honest manhood gave him the position, a few years later, of urging upon his fellow Catholics the necessity and practicability of building a church of their own. Thom-

as McCarthy was a man raised up by Divine Providence to do a work which the priest in his missionary rounds could not hope to do. No one can imagine, unless it be the hard working missionary priest of to-day, all the privations and heartaches, all the restless days and sleepless nights, the poor priest of seventy-five years ago had to endure. The saddle for the most of the time was his bed; in it, he thought out his sermons; in it, he said his prayers, and it carried for him his little church; it was his Vade Mecum on his journey to visit his scattered sheep and to keep them in the sheepfold of the one true Shepherd. He was the pioneer who broke the forests for religion's swift advance. Thomas McCarthy, therefore, deserves a brief history in this jubilee celebration. The subject of our sketch was born in Cork, Ireland, in the year 1783. Unlike so many of his fellow countrymen, he had the opportunity of a good business education before coming to this country, which meant for him a seven years' lesson in commercial life; he mastered all there was to it. But youth has wings;

ambition knows no bounds, and energy and pluck can not be circumscribed. Thus, in the year 1808, we find him leaving his home, the land of his birth, and seeking in the land of the free a home where he may enjoy the satisfaction of liberty and an opportunity to realize the rewards of his labors. On landing in the fall of the same year, he immediately laid his plans for the new future which stretched out before him. Modern conveniences were not then even in embryo. The old fashioned lumbering stage which hung from leathern straps, made distances days and weeks, which are now made in a few hours. There were no canals nor railroads. They had not been thought of as yet. Salina, at that time, had the name all over the country, of being prosperous, because of its salt springs, which were made known through the Jesuit missionaries. The few small kettles of the eighteenth century had given way to a vast system of salt blocks. Making salt for commerce was now an established industry. People were flocking here from many quarters, and the exodus naturally drew with

it many of the banished and exiled children of the down-trodden Emerald Isle, Thomas McCarthy was also drawn with it. To Salina, he started as soon as he recovered from the effects of a voyage, such as the old sailing ships made in those days, and in a few weeks found himself in the place he was never to leave, until he left it forever in death. After a few years he saved sufficient money from his earnings to purchase a salt block. At that time a salt block was made up of eighteen kettles and the ground occupied by them covered about eighteen by twenty-five feet, much narrower quarters than that made use of to-day, but vastly more profitable. Success crowned his steady zeal and untiring energy. In 1812 we find him purchasing a general dry goods and grocery store. The location of this store is where now stands the pump house, west of the Oswego canal.

All the business transactions then for mercantile men were necessarily east. The great lakes of the West and Northwest with their populous cities, their immense commerce, and the great ad-

vantages of modern navigation, were then known to only a few white people and Indians. Commerce and business consequently went east to New York, Albany and Utica. This brought Mr. McCarthy, who made his trip twice a year, in contact with many of his countrymen, who, like himself, had come to try their fortune in a land said to be flowing with the milk and honey of plenty.

By his honest business methods and genial social qualities, he made for himself friends of all denominations, and it was principally upon these friends that he depended for the means of carrying out the one thought uppermost in his mind—the building for the Catholics of Salina a church, wherein they might worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. The original subscription list shows sums of $50 and under, sums which in those days were large and generous. Thomas Mc Carthy saw with pleasure in Salina an increase of Catholics, for he loved his church, and he made the first move in

the matter by donating a lot for the erection of an edifice. That lot was the site of the old church on Salina street, where the Catholics of this entire county for many years worshiped the most high God; where many who are yet living had the regenerating waters of baptism poured upon them, which made them children of God and heirs of heaven; where happy hearts were sacramentally united and where many of the parents of those who are now in manhood's prime went for the last time, for the blessing of that fond and tender mother church, who loves her children in death as well as in life. Thomas McCarthy read far into the future. He built, for posterity and, we hope, for eternity. He left behind him children and children's children who have followed in his footsteps in their generous support of religion and of her lovely handmaid—sweet charity.

The history of this pioneer church would not be complete if we omitted the name of James Lynch, the man who was its first treasurer, and whose interesting records are in the present church arch-

ives. These records date back to 1825, when the subscription list for the new church was opened.

James Lynch was born in Ireland, and at the age of twenty-seven years, he came to this country. He served in the war of 1812 and distinguished himself in many important naval engagements. At the close of the war he engaged in business in New York city, and was there married. In 1825 he came to this city and for a period of nearly thirty years he conducted a mercantile business in what is now known as the First Ward. During these years he also engaged largely in the manufacture of salt and at the time of his death, retained a large interest in the industry, which he had acquired many years before. He was one of the first directors of the Syracuse gas-light company, and for several years he was its president. He was a trustee of the Syracuse savings bank and also its vice-president, and was also director in the Salt Springs national bank.

James Lynch was a man of generous impulses and honest intentions. He was firm and decisive in his opinions, but

tolerant to those who disagreed with him in religious dogmas. His business sagacity was amply rewarded, and till almost the close of his life he gave personal attention to his affairs. Politically, he was an unswerving and influential Democrat. He filled many positions of honor and trust in our own municipal and other corporate bodies.

Such were the men who gave character to the undertaking of building here the first Catholic church since the destruction of the Jesuit missions of the eighteenth century. The present generation know but little of the difficulties attendant, at a period of fifty years ago, on an undertaking of this character. The Roman Catholics were vilified and abused without stint. They met with every kind of opposition and, at times, were insulted with even personal violence. Their temples were desecrated; their convents destroyed; their saints' days were ridiculed; irritating and maddening effigies were suspended in public places, until at last nature, and especially the warm blooded Irish nature, overleaped all bounds, and

force was met with force. Thanks to an enlightened sentiment, in spite of all un-Christian and un-American movements, a more liberal spirit now prevails. Old animosities are forgotten, prejudices are overcome, and to-day there is scarcely a trace left in all fair minded, intelligent American citizens of bygone "Know-nothingism." We have nothing to fear from proscriptive societies for they are un-American and un-Christian, and cannot flourish in a land of freedom. They will extinguish themselves by their want of common sense.

James Lynch died on Good Friday, April 10, 1862, aged 87 years. Kind hands prompted by affection's sweetest office, laid him peacefully away in the old St. Joseph's cemetery where he quietly sleeps, forgotten, perhaps, by many of those who received his benefactions, but cherished by the few who now survive him and appreciate his endeavors in behalf of the faith he loved so well. With Thomas McCarthy and James Lynch died the old past, but the present sits with it yet, and clasps its hand, and

looks into the great future, not alone of Syracuse, but of the Catholic church throughout the world.

There are many others whose names might be mentioned among the pioneers and patriarchs of this church. Peter McGuire, a man whose name has always been held as a synonym of everything that was noble and good; a man who for forty years took an active part in the fortunes of his church as trustee, and who never gave up a bit of his zeal, until old age, and finally death, made him discontinue his constant duties as revenue collector of the church. The venerable John McCarthy our former trustee and parishioner should be mentioned on this occasion. So as not to make an invidious distinction, for I could not mention one without being in danger of doing so, I will simply quote for you an extract from a letter I received this week from a former beloved pastor of yours, Rev. George Browne. He says: "How I would like to proclaim the names of all those benefactors of your church! I am quite sure that it shall excite no jealous feelings if

I mention the name of John McCarthy, an excellent Christian, a polished scholar and a leader in every good work; Patrick Molloy, as generous as he was wealthy, and the venerable Peter McGuire, who was foremost among those that were always ready to advise, help and encourage their pastor in all his difficulties. I can only say: May God reward them all! What they did to uphold the credit of the parish was at a great personal sacrifice."

PART III.

We will now pay our respects to the shepherds who, during the last half century and more, directed the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Catholics of this pioneer parish. Away back in the beginning of this century, missionary priests visited this locality and administered to the spiritual wants of the few scattered Catholics of central New York. Among these welcome visitors were the venerable Bishops DuBois and Hughes of New York. They officiated at private houses—especially at the McCarthy and Lynch homesteads. Then there were regular visits made by missionay priests from various localities who came to administer the sacraments and instruct the children in their christian doctrine. This continued till the year 1827. The first resident pastor who officiated here was Rev. Francis Donohue. He completed the church and brought many to the faith.

After six years of a pastorate he was succeeded by Rev. Fathers Balfe and Drummond, who in turn gave place to Rev. James O'Donnell, who remained in charge of the church for five years. The next pastors were Fathers Radigan and Chartier. Then followed Rev. Michael Heas, whose memory will always be cherished by the people of Syracuse. He was a man who lived to do his master's will. Self-sacrificing to an unwonted degree, ever sympathizing with the poor and needy of his parish. "He went about continually doing good." He was the teacher and the financial agent for his people, as well as their spiritual guide. He was the friend of the emigrant, and scores of them were, by his generosity, enabled to come to "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Through his exertions the first church was enlarged and beautified. The task was then most difficult as old Salina had but fifty families, and upon these he could not solely depend. Large sums were contributed then as now, by our non-Catholic brethren. Father Heas after serving faithfully old St. John the Baptist's parish for fifteen

years, was transferred to a new field of labor. He was commissioned to form a new parish in what was then known as the village of Syracuse. He secured old St. Paul's Episcopal church which he had dedicated to Catholic service in 1842.

Rev. Michael Heas was succeeded by Father Guillick who in turn gave place to Rev. Joseph Guerdet. The latter labored here for seven years after which he was sent to take charge of St. Mary's Church, Oswego, N. Y., and later to the church of St. John the Evangelist—the present cathedral. Then came Fathers Mullady and Hackett. Father Hackett took up the work laid down by his predecessors. Success attended his saintly efforts. He enlarged and improved the old church and brought the Sisters of St. Joseph to this parish, but strange to say, this great lover of Christian education never lived to see the sisters he had prayed for during many years. They arrived in Syracuse the very day of his burial. A local paper of that time speaks as follows of this most excellent priest. "Father Hackett is dead—the last remains of this venerable man were consigned to their last

resting place on the the 3rd day of September, 1861, amid the tears and lamentations of his whole congregation.

Well might they shed tears over the remains of a man whose whole life was devoted to the service of God and the benefit of his fellow men. Well might they utter lamentations over all that was left of the once good and noble Father Hackett, whose only desire seems to have been to consecrate his whole life to the welfare of his fellow citizens. He was a man who firmly believed and practically adopted the idea, that above all earthly desires and enjoyments, the first obligation that man is bound to cancel, is the duty he owes to God. His transactions, either of a private or a public character, were characterized and stamped with the imperishable principle of right and justice. He was a man who watched, guarded and protected with a jealous and vigilant eye the young and the advanced in years of his beloved congregation. If he had not the eloquence that charms, or the musical diction that fascinates and captivates, or the fiery declamation that terrifies an audience, he

had the clear, forcible and striaghtforward, manly argument that always carries conviction to the thoughtful mind.

In the lamented Father Hackett was concentrated all that contributes to make a perfect man. In him you could find virtue without pride, charity without conceit, and above all things, a love holy and intense for God and his church.

Father Hackett's grave is in St. Agnes' cemetery and is yearly visited by many of his old time-honored friends. His work was taken up by Rev. Maurice Sheehan who guided the destinies of the parish for five years. He was a dignified, scholarly priest who had the confidence and love of his people. The only event of note during his administration was the calamity that came upon the district in the great fire that destroyed the business portion of Salina. Father Sheehan died recently and was buried from St. Joseph's church, Albany, N. Y.

Old Salina had grown rapidly. From it, as an off-shoot, has sprung the thriving city of Syracuse. In those days there was money plenty in the salt business. This caused a great increase in the population,

and the old church was soon found too small to accommodate the congregation. Rev. James E. Duffy was the pastor in those prosperous times. He was appointed in January, 1866. Young and full of ambition and ability, he labored faithfully among his people. He desired to see them worship in a new and more commodious temple. The times were prosperous, money was plentiful and generous hearts were ready to give towards a magnificent edifice such as Father Duffy proposed to build. The corner stone was laid in 1868 and the following year saw enclosed our present magnificent church. It was completed and dedicated in June, 1871, twenty-five years ago. With the glory of the completed and dedicated temple came a crisis in the salt industry. The great Salina salt works began to fail; the tariff was removed; stronger salt springs were discovered in various localities, which lessened the expense of manufacturing the commodity. This lowered prices and lessened earnings, and the entire community was soon brought to the abyss of financial ruin. The new church was heavily in debt. Men of

wealth were willing to assis their pastor, but their wealth was locked up in their salt blocks. Those in poorer circumstances were as willing as ever, but their earnings were scarcely enough to support their little homes.

Father Duffy who was a man of great integrity and honesty of purpose, tried hard to stem the tide. His devotion to a stricken people is to this very day held in grateful remembrance. Hard times and worse payments were the obstacles placed in the way of his freeing this beautitul church from debt. The same fate met the church that met richer and more powerful institutions. Failing health made a change necessary, and in June, 1877, Father Duffy was sent to East Albany. Since his removal from here he has built an elegant new church upon the ruins of the former one that was destroyed by fire, and he has maintained and supported an excellent Catholic school, which is taught by the Sisters of Mercy. The name of Father Duffy will always be held in grateful remembrance in this parish.

Rev. George Browne was sent to fill the vacancy. For two years he labored faithfully, day and night, to save the church from bankruptcy—but it seemed a hopeless task. In January, 1877, Father Browne gave place to Rev. William J. Bourke, my lamented predecessor, and after building a church in Troy, N. Y., he retired to his former diocese in Canada where he has since labored with great success among a most devoted people.

Father Bourke fully realized the difficulties he had to face in assuming charge of this parish, but he was a man who never faltered in the presence of difficulties. He knew the people of old St. John's and they knew him, for he was reared with them. How nobly they responded to his many calls during his administration is a matter of history. For upwards of ten years he labored to save the edifice from financial failure. It was a weary task but his cheerful disposition and noble heart won for him a host of friends who always rallied about him when there was mention of making a special effort to reduce the crushing church debt. Yet, with all this care and anxiety, he found time and means to ac-

complish other great undertakings. He would enlarge and beautify the Catholic school of this parish where your children might be trained and educated without running the the risk of weakening their Catholic faith. Your school he left to you as a legacy to remind you, as Catholics, of your duty, to give your children what they have a right to demand at your hands—a Catholic education.

When he died April 17, 1887, the whole community, irrespective of creed, showed him the greatest honor. His bishop, Rt. Rev. P. A. Ludden, D.D., and brother clergymen united with you in mourning the loss of this most excellent priest. Doctor Lynch of Utica, his boon friend, and classmate, in pronouncing his eulogy over his remains, said: "We have gathered here to-day to mourn a great loss. Father Bourke's labors are too well known to you all to need comment. You were the witnesses of his great zeal and true Christian piety. He was a martyr to duty." These words, dear friends, were literally true. He was a martyr to duty, for he worked for you most faithfully. He worked alone with-

out the help necessary in a parish of this size. He deprived himself of many comforts to lessen the burden resting upon you. In the words of the eulogy: "You, for whom he laborod and died, must not forget him in your prayers."*

I was sent in June, 1887, by our Rt. Rev. Bishop Ludden, to fill the vacancy made by the death of Father Bourke. This is my tenth year among you. During these years we have labored together in the common cause of religion and educa-

*The following Reverend Fathers officiated in this parish as assistant priests: The Rev. Francis J. Maguire LL. D. was assistant to the Rev. James E. Duffy, from January, 1873, to July of the same year. Father Maguire is the pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, North Albany, N. Y., which he built in 1878. While here he was loved and respected by the entire community, because of the great interest he took in the young men of the parish. The same zeal has characterized his life ever since. Nearly three years of my priestly life were spent as a co-laborer with him and, during that time, I often witnessed his sacrificing devotion to the young men of his parish. Then followed the Rev. Richard Meehan, now of Troy, N. Y., who remained here but a short time. In January, 1874, the Rev. John McIncrow was missioned here. His stay was short, but during that brief period,

tion. I have experienced during these years, in my efforts to pay off the debt on this church and to keep the property in good condition, great kindness from you, my dear parishioners, and from my many friends in this city and vicinity. I have tried to continue the work of the church and school on the lines suggested by my predecessors, and I am thankful to almighty God and to you for all we have accomplished. I shall acknowledge in our memorial volume, which I intend to publish at the close of our silver jubilee celebration, the many

---

he gave promise of the apostolic spirit that afterwards budded into flower and fruit in the wonders he achieved in Amsterdam, N. Y. He was called to his reward too soon, but the fruits of his zealous labors in the cause of Catholic education and Catholic morality shall live forever. The gentle and delicate Father Hyland came next. None thought that the young priest would live many years, yet he has been blessed with a long and fruitful ministry. He is the honored pastor of Ilion, N. Y., which position he has held for many years, and his friends here in old Salina wish him many more.

The Rev. P. F. Harrick assisted Father Bourke for a short time. He was appointed pastor of the Catholic church at Marathon, N. Y.,

beautiful gifts that have been made to our church and school by friends and parishioners during my administration. To do it from the pulpit might appear as fulsome praise, which I know would be very undesirable to the generous benefactors. There is one, however, not of our faith, a public spirited citizen, who has been to this people a kind and generous friend. At frequent intervals during the past ten years he has given liberally to this church and always with the request that nothing be said about it. I refer to the Hon. J. J. Belden, of this city.

---

which position he filled till his death in 1890. His sunny, genial disposition won him friends wherever he labored. Then came the Rev. Richard H. Gahan and the Rev. James Collins. Their sojourn was short, as both were in poor health. Father Gahan died in Hoboken, N. J., in 1888, and Father Collins in St. Joseph's hospital in this city, the following year. They were succeeded by the Rev. William H. Griffin, who is now pastor of St. John's church, New Hartford, N. Y., a beautiful suburb of Utica. He is pleasantly remembered by all the people of this parish. Rev. William H. Griffiin was succeeded by the Rev. Joseph S. Tiernan, who labored here four years with great zeal for the honor and

And now, dear parishioners, I hope to make this silver jubilee celebration the occasion of realizing a handsome sum for the further liquidating our indebtedness. I also expect that many beautiful donations will be given at this time by those able and generously inclined. These gifts will serve to perpetuate the memory of this grand occasion, our silver jubilee. When these gifts and improvements are made, some time next year, we will close

---

glory of God. He established a total abstinence society, which did much good. He also organized a diocesan temperance union. Father Tiernan was appointed pastor of Camden, N. Y., in 1894, where he has been laboring with great success ever since. The Rev. Joseph Tiernan was succeeded by the Rev. James A. McGuire, who died in St. Joseph's hospital a few months later. He was a loveable character and his untimely death was regretted by all who knew him. The present assistant, the Rev. Joseph Wilmes, assumed duties in October, 1895, which position he is most acceptably filling at the present time. Among his many efforts for the welfare of the parish is the formation of a St. Cecilia Glee Club. Though organized but a short time, it promises remarkable results in the near future. Besides his parish work, he is professor of languages in our Academy of the Sacred Heart.

our silver jubilee, which we begin to-day with grand church ceremonies. I have deferred inviting our Rt. Rev. Bishop Ludden and very Reverend and Reverend clergy to honor us with their presence until these contemplated improvements are made.

Thanking you all for your good will and co-operation in the work committed to my charge, I beg God's blessing upon you and yours, now and forever.

The Missionary Spirit of the Church.

I feel that it would be presumption on my part to attempt to review the history either of the early Catholic missions identified with the site of Syracuse, or of the annals of this congregation which is this day concluding the celebration of its silver jubilee.

The story of the early missions in Central New York you have ample means of knowing from the works of some of the best authorities on the subject, men like the late Doctor Hawley, and the

studious General Clark, whose names are linked with the history of your own community. They have labored earnestly to preserve and to publish the records of our early missions, not for any personal profit, but for the benefit of their fellow citizens. The spirit in which they have worked at their several tasks, of reproducing authentic documents, identifying and mapping the early mission sites, have been as generous as their motive, and it is gratifying to know that the citizens of Syracuse show a true appreciation of their labors by striving in their own way to preserve the memory of the pioneers led hither in 1654 by Pere Le Moyne. Your city council shows a true civic spirit in naming one of the thoroughfares of this parish of St. John the Baptist after one who was himself, like the Baptist, the forerunner of Christianity in these parts.

The annals of your own congregation are, or should be, familiar to all of you. Twenty-five years is not so long a period that those among you, who helped to form this parish can forget the first

keen delight experienced in assuming a well definedand independent existence, the first great labors and expense of erecting this temple for divine worship, the early struggles, the anxious misgivings, the toil and privations, all shared alike by the pastor and people, and all, thank God, now happily ended and rewarded by a peace and prosperity gratefully accepted and acknowedged by your renewed efforts of the past year to cooperate with your worthy pastor in renovating and beautifying this house of God in commemoration of your jubilee.

There is no need of reviewing either the past or the present history of your locality and congregation. You will remember that your worthy pastor has enabled you to review it so eloquently and in so much detail at the opening of this jubilee that it remains for us to attempt only a brief study of the facts then so forcibly put before us, and draw from this study the lessons which, always appropriate as they are for parishioners such as you worshiping in these hallowed precincts, are doubly appropriate

for your consideration, now that you are rounding out your first quarter of a century.

It is with good reason you print at the head of your jubilee program the date, 1654, which marks the advent of the first Catholic missionary to the Indian tribe inhabiting this locality. In this era of anniversaries and jubilees of our early settlements, both our own and other religious bodies are striving to date their origin as far back as possible. Too often they labor painfully to establish their connection with the original institutions or events, with nothing more than a succession in point of time, without any continuity of their charity and spirit. One would imagine that antiquity based on any claim whatsoever were sufficient to establish some inalienable title to their present existence and privileges, as if they must have come by these by right of preoccupation or legitimate inheritance. If it be worth while to publish our relation with the dawn of civilization in our country,—and it is worth while, since until recently so many affected to ignore it,—then every important Catholic

celebration in the United States might justly be coupled with some prominent instance in the earliest history of Catholic enterprise for the discovery of new tracts of our territory, and for the Christian civilization of the aboriginal tribes living in barbarism on this hitherto benighted continent.

In Florida, every Catholic anniversary must recall the arrival of Ponce de Leon, 375 years ago, with his secular priests and Dominicans, and the advent of Vasquez de Ayllon, a few years later, commissioned by the Spanish Emperor Charles V. to explore the country with the principal intent of bringing the natives to the light of our Christian faith. The Chesapeake shores have their Martinez to commemorate, Georgia its Sedeno and Carolina its Rogel. New Mexico's Pueblos and Navajos still survive, a rare exception to the laws of extermination with which our North American Indians have been pursued; and they treasure with reverence the memory of the Franciscan Father Mark, John of Padilla and John of the Cross, who in 1542 first recovered them from paganism for Christ. In Ari-

zona. Catholics date their advances as far back as 1581; in Texas, from 1689; in California, from 1543; and the name of the saintly Fathers Kino, Margil and Junipero Serra are as closely interwoven with the names of those states as that of Marquette with Wisconsin and the entire Mississippi valley, of Raselas with Maine, of Jogues with New York, of Le Moyne, Dablon, Chaumonot, Mercier, Fremin and Mesnard, with the missions founded in 1654 on the very territory it is now your good fortune to inhabit. In the West, from Texas to Oregon, and far off California, East of the Mississippi from Florida as high North as the Carolinas, along the east from Maryland to Maine, Catholics come, and with them Catholic missionaries, building their mission stations, their churches and, when they could, as in Florida and New Mexico, their schools, writing their grammars and catechisms in the native tongue, maintaining peace, fostering industry, discouraging slavery, and all this for one hundred years before the settlement of Virginia or the arrival of the Mayflower at Plymouth.

The recollection of the heroism of our pioneer missionaries and explorers is a wholesome antidote to the pride of progress which in our day is threatening to make us self-sufficient and utterly regardless of our debt to the labors and hardships of those who, like the Baptist, patron of your church, have gone before us, preparing the way for us, making straight the paths and our rough places smooth. The study of the early Catholic settlements in this country is especially useful to us whose interest it is to keep it before our fellow men in all its truth and glory, and to correct the falsehoods of men who try to discredit the present by misrepresenting the past. In making Catholics of to-day responsible for what blame they choose to attribute to the Church in past ages, or among other races, the enemies of our holy religion are unwittingly paying the highest tribute to our Unity and Catholicity and to the other unerring marks of holy faith. Why, after all, should misdoings imputed to the missionaries three centuries ago in their dealings with a barbarous nation, be charged to our discredit, unless it be that

the accusers instinctively recognize what they are loath to admit, that our Church is one and the same, in every age and clime, among all peoples of the earth, civilized or uncivilized? Whilst an impartial study of our early Catholic history in this country serves to establish the identity of our religion in all times, and enables us to correct the wrong impressions spread abroad, either through ignorance or malevolence, about the forerunners on our soil, to establish the integrity of their motives, and to show forth the solidity and permanency of their mission work. Fortunately, none of the early American Catholic missions offer more striking proofs of this than the missions established here at Onondaga by the saintly Le Moyne and his saintly followers, Dablon and Chaumonot.

The early Catholic missionaries to this country were in almost every instance men who sought America as the field of their zeal. It is false to suppose that they came here without having manifested some peculiar fitness and desire for the work, compelled by a blind obedience to some superior or organization con-

trolling these missions for the benefit of the state or trade. The young religious who listened to accounts of mission life given by men like Brebeuf, Easse, Baird, Lalemant, when driven from the missions back to France, were so inspired with a longing to bring the souls of our savages back to Christ, that their superiors were often embarrassed in choosing from the number of candidates for this arduous ministry. Vowed to poverty, they were not seeking a livlihood or fortune; cut off from worldly honor they could not have been aiming at influence or station in life; loyal as they were to their native countries, they were still more devoted to the interests of Christ's kingdom of souls, and they came not to extend or consolidate the colonies of their several nations, but to make the benighted inhabitants, Christians first of all, a condition without which they could not become worthy subjects of any of the great Christian nations then colonizing our soil.

It would be strange, indeed, if men sworn to minister unto souls, as these missionaries were, could have come to

labor and die among our fierce Indian tribes, with motives less religious than those of the better class of French statesmen and explorers who sought to establish colonies here. "It was neither commercial enterprise nor royal ambition," writes Bancroft, "which carried the power of France into the heart of our continent; the motive was religion." The missionary did not condemn, but encouraged trade and commerce as among the best means of cultivating mutual dependence among men and of thereby fulfilling God's great law of love. Time and again did he have to make long journeys as a peacemaker before he could hope to return in the full capacity of minister of God's word and sacraments. "Peace comes with me," was Le Moyne's first greeting to the Onondagas in 1654; but his ulterior motive was to establish peace first and then come back with missionaries to bring them the true peace of Christ. So it was Jogues had come to the Mohawks lower down the valley ten years earlier, first as a captive, then as peacemaker, and finally as missionary, until they made him martyr.

Thus it is, whatever the errand, the motive of the pioneer of the Gospel was always to win souls to Christ. This was the prospect that buoyed up Le Moyne, and after him Chaumonot and Dablon, and all their generous followers, as coming down over unknown paths through the wilderness, risking all the dangers of torrent and tempest and ambush, they were still consoled by gazing on the beauties of undiscovered nature, and longed for the time when they might restore to the savage hearts that roamed thereabouts, the beauty of grace and virtue. The Huron captives that had not seen the Black Robe since the dark days of the massacre of Brebeuf and Lalemant and Garnier six and eight years before, well knew what was uppermost in the brave missionary's mind, when with his solitary companion, Jean Baptiste, he happened in their village on the Ontario just before reaching Onondaga. Joyfully, too, they interpreted his longings, and responded to his zeal as they sought his ministry and comfort in the confessional and instruction hut, making him cry out: "My God! what consolation to

see so much faith in these savage hearts, in slavery, aided by heaven only." The Iroquois also showed that they knew his chief motive, when, after arranging the preliminaries for peace, they delighted his heart by telling him they wanted him to return, not only to cement the peace, but "to know Him of whom you have spoken to us, who is master of our lives, but unknown to us." Their kindred tribes had shown that they knew what Brebeuf was laboring for, when they tortured him in mockery of baptism with scalding water. So had the Mohawks borne testimony to the motive of Jogues, since they had suffered his presence so long as he dealt of peace only, but slaughtered him as soon as he came amongst them with priestly vestments and altar plate. There is no mistaking nor denying the answer of the Christian Onondaga, Marie Tsaiouentes to the men from the Dutch settlement who tempted and taunted her with being a Christian. "You seek only our furs, but do not care for our souls. * * * * The Fathers, who instruct us, have come to teach us the truth, and the way

to Heaven." More manifest than ever do the great religious motives of these heroes appear, when we read how thirty Iroquois men and women go up to Quebec, in accordance with their plighted word to Le Moyne, studying our faith and prayers on the way so as to be ready for Baptism, and come back Christians with Chaumonot and Dablon, and the French settlers for Onondaga under their fair white standard bearing the name of *Jesus*. How truly they carried out this exalted motto, expressed so well in Cartrier's words: "In order the better to do what is pleasing to God our Creator and Redeemer, and what may be for the increase of His holy and sacred name, and of our holy mother, the Church."

Inspired with the apostolic motive of glorifying God and saving souls, it was impossible for the first Catholic missionaries on our continent either to do their work in a hasty or negligent way, or to fail in making thousands of steadfast converts and in leading many souls to lives of heroic fortitude and to all the beautiful fruits of holiness. Destitute of all

human aid, reduced to the last extremity of bodily weakness, and, at times, also of mental distress, men like Le Moyne, Chaumonot, Dablon, Fremin and Pierron, had to contend with the most savage human passions, with the diabolical agencies of superstition and sorcery, and with the selfish interests of men who called themselves Christians and yet ministered to the depravity of the Indians as assiduously as any minister of God could, to raise them from their degredation. It was a hopeless task to attempt founding permanent missions among the nomadic Iroquois, ever at war or on the hunt, busily plying their trade in distant regions, shifting their villages and always governed by the spirits of lust and fury that made them act like demoniacs. It was bad enough that they must live by their confidence in dreams and their slavery to witchcraft, but it was still more disheartening when their Dutch or English neighbors must feed their intemperance with liquor, and to secure its sale, imbue them with prejudices against the missionaries who strove to kill the traffic.

Under more favorable circumstances, it had still taken years of toilsome labor to bring the less nomadic Hurons and Algonquins under the control of religious influences, to make them settle in communities, till their farms and submit to some elementary instruction. By dint of effort, though, nearly 35,000 Hurons had been thus practically civilized, and already the French settlements in Canada bade fair to rival the famous "Reductions" founded by Jesuits in Paraguay. All this, however, lasted but the brief interval needed by the fierce Iroquois to discover it and descend upon these peaceful villages with all the fury of wild beasts, burning the hamlets, murdering the missionaries, and carrying off the remnant of the Huron tribe, men, women and children, for torture or slavery. Here, again, the Indian is the most eloquent witness to the solid and permanent work of the early French missionaries. Scattered among their proud conquerors, these Huron men, women and children, remained constant in their faith under the most frightful tortures and in most shameful captivity.

Eight years after, Le Moyne will come, and these confessors of the faith will flock to tell him how their companions died in torture with the name of Jesus on their lips and in their heart. He will reckon at least 1,000 of them who had not lost the faith. One of them will bring a neophyte whom she has instructed in the hope that one day a Father will come to give her baptism. He will marvel at it all, and when the Onondagas show themselves well disposed, he will go back to Quebec, ascribing their good dispositions to the fidelity of their Huron captives, and above all to the constancy of the Huron women, and bless God for having made those simple souls apostolic enough to make their Iroquois captors esteem the faith without knowing it, as they listened to the praises of the missionaries, and witnessed the consoling influence of their teaching in the lives of the Hurons.

When we consider that the great Iroquois league was constantly striving to absorb into its own organization all the tribes it had brought under its sway, it speaks volumes for the solid and perma-

nent work done by the missionaries, that the Huron and Algonquin Christian captives should have remained steadfast in spite of torture and death, the hard labor and humiliation of slavery, the scandals and debauchery of the tribes, and the corruption and pandering of white men claiming to be Christians. Instead of yielding, they even impressed and disposed their cruel captors so favorably, that when Chaumonot and Dablon established their rude chapel hut for divine worship on this very soil, they soon instructed and baptised 400 of the native tribe, and to meet the demand of the Cayugas, Senecas and Oneidas, Dablon must needs go back to Quebec to bring with him Fremin, Mesnard and Le Mercier, to gather in these fields whitening for the harvest. Fremin found forty-five Christian Hurons still faithful, after twenty years in captivity without priest or chapel, assembling together to go over the doctrines they had learned from the Fathers, telling the rosary, and meeting for worship on the Sundays, which were faithfully calendared by one of the women.

Try to picture the contrast, and behold on one side the fierce Iroquois tribes, men of blood and rapine and lust, demon worshippers, drunkards, gamblers, the tools of sorcerers and medicine men, and on the other side the peaceful Huron and Algonquin, with some few French settlers, slaves, indeed, and subject to their fierce captors in physical druggery, but in every other way their masters, free from pagan superstitions, intelligent believers in God and His Church, firm in hope, and charitable even to the degree of loving their enemies and of desiring, praying and working for their salvation. "You shall love your enemies, and do good to them that hate you." What greater testimony to the spirit of faith imparted by our missionaries to their converts than the sight of their mutilated faces and hands upraised in prayer for the men who had so maltreated them?

The Catholic missionary aims not merely at a number of baptisms, or at reckoning up statistics of hastily instructed converts, but in making saints. In seeking to win souls to Christ's Church. One as it is, and Catholic, he consistently

seeks to impart to these souls the other characteristics which should distinguish a Catholic just as they distinguish his Church. Accordingly he must make his converts holy and apostolic, too, in their own degree. Thus it is that in all the records of the palmy days of the French Jesuit missions in North America, statistics are rarely attempted; while, on the other hand, instances of sanctity and of zeal, of heroic fortitude, and martyr-like constancy, abound among their first converts from paganism. To go no further than the annals of this very locality, a Stephen Totiri, whose whole life was witness to his noble speech to his pagan masters against the desecration of a cross in a cemetery. "You may overturn my cabin, strike me, kill me rather; but when the things of God are assailed, I wish, as long as I have a breath of life, to proclaim how enormous a crime it is, and I will tell you what a terrible thing it is to make God your enemy;" Joseph Theondechoren, "who fears no man where God's glory is concerned;" Charles Tondatsaa, who proved his horror for sin by enduring the horrors of suffocation by

steam rather than blaspheme; Eustace Ahasestari and William Cuture, who were taken with Father Jogues into captivity, because they had sworn to follow him in life and death; not to speak of the countless host of brave Christians who withstood tortures as pitiless as ever Jogues, Brebeuf and Lalemant endured, rather than deny God and His Church.

On the banks of the St. Lawrence, near La Prairie, stands to-day a village of Catholic Indians, descendants of the tribes that once roved the wilderness above and below the neighboring lakes. Their reservation is a peaceful and a prosperous one. Prominent on the high banks of the river stands their church and near-by the school house for their children. Their houses are commodious and clean, some of them beautiful and costly. The men are shrewd tradesmen, the women are faithful housewives. "Of nearly 4,000 of them, not ten are apostates," their zealous pastor told me. The reason for their fidelity is their devotion to the memory of the saintly Catherine, Kateri Tegakwitha, as she is called, whose remains

are kept in the sacristy of the church, her tomb two miles below, on the old site of this Christian Caugnawaga, being a place of pilgrimage where these modest Indian women go to pray on Sunday afternoons. Catherine was the chief of the many beautiful flowers of sanctity cultivated by the missionaries in these wild tribes. The village she sanctified by her holy and austere life after leaving our own Caugnawagha, near Fonda, is only what all Indian reservations would be to-day had they been left in charge of the missionaries who first attempted to civilize them.

We might multiply proofs of the solid and permanent work done by our early Catholic missionaries on the American continent. Although the object of to-day's celebration has made us limit our study to the Jesuit missions among the Iroquois, we must never forget what Dominicans, Franciscans and secular priests have done and are still doing to-day along with the Benedictines, Oblates and other devoted missionaries on our soil. Think of the millions of staunch Catholic Indians in South and Central America,

the million and a half in Mexico, and the thousands in our own New Mexico, a lasting proof of the fact that the Church seeks to save the bodies as well as the souls of these benighted people, while, on the contrary, tribes left to the mercy of so-called statesmen and other missionary influence rapidly dwindle away out of existence. The splendid tributes lately paid to our Catholic missionaries, men and women, among the Indians to-day, by such disinterested men as United States Senators Allen, Vest and Pettigrew, are more eloquent and convincing than the dry argument I have offered you.

I have endeavored to show how lofty were the motives of Le Moyne and his followers and how solid and permanent was their work, not merely that we should glory vainly in the past, but because we need their noble example to impress on us the necessity of high religious motives, and of solid and lasting work in our own lives. The jubilee we are now closing suggests the question which opens up another study, one which you, members of St. John the Baptist's congregation, alone can make satisfac-

torily and profitably. The question is,—supposing your true religious motive in building this church, in coming here to worship, in taking part in the various good works inaugurated by your pastor, in sharing his burdens, in belonging to the various societies of the parish,—supposing, I say, that the spirit of God moves you to do all this, what solid and lasting efforts have we been making during the past twenty-five years for our own improvement and for the benefit of this community in which providence has placed us? I shall leave to others the task of recounting the external evidences of your spiritual effort and growth. But I must ask further, what moral and spiritual benefit have your neighbors reaped from your presence, whether as individuals or a parish, in their midst? Your twenty-five years of worship, without change of doctrine, government or discipline, must appeal to the thousands of your fellow citizens not of the Church as an argument for her indefectibility, and of her identity with Christ's own foundation from the beginning. Your agreement in all these with the parish from

which you sprung and with every Catholic parish in the land marks you out as one and Catholic. Have you the other marks we have been attributing to the Indians who formed the subject of our study to-day? Are you apostolic enough to wish to make your religion known to your fellow men; and are you holy enough to recommend its influence by the example of your lives? Twenty-five years! In less than that, if you consider their interruptions, Le Moyne and his followers won over the fierce Iroquois and guided many a savage in the ways of holiness. You began with a Christian civilization, inheriting your Catholic tradition, habits of thought and respect for virtue. Zealous pastors have ministered to you the heavenly graces that make all these supernatural. To-day you join in jubilee over the dedication of this temple twenty-five years ago. Then and to-day you heard the song of the Church:

Blessed City, Heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones uplifted,
Art the joy of Heaven above,
And with angel cohorts circled,
As a Bride to earth doth move!

You, the living stones upreared in this temple, should be to-day and always a joy, a jubilee to Heaven above; to men a vision of peace and love. Hallowed by the memory of the marvels of your faith in these regions, as well as by your own personal holiness you should gladden the vision of men, and make them feel the reason of your jubilee now and always; you, the real church, standing before their eyes like this material edifice, should live so that looking on your virtues they may truly say of our Church, the Bride of Christ:

Bright with pearls her portals glitters;
It is open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits,
Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

The Catholic Nun in the Class Room.

In my historical sermon last June I promised that before the close of our silver jubilee I would devote a special Sunday to the work of our Sisters of St. Joseph as educators, and at the same time show that Catholic education, is not, as is sometimes asserted, a menace to our American institutions. The Sisters of St. Joseph were founded in the year 1650 in an obscure hamlet in the province of Velay, France. The little seed soon grew to be a mighty tree, extending its

branches over all of France and many of the neighboring countries. The all-destructive French revolution of 1792 dispersed the institute, as it did most of the religious orders of that day. Divine Providence, however, willed that the congregation of St. Joseph should survive the fury of the storm. In a very short space of time the institution was resurrected, and new communities sprung up in many Catholic countries.

In the year 1836 six Sisters of St. Joseph arrived at St. Louis, Mo., under the auspices of Bishop Rosati. The first house was established at Carondelet. Here was the first novitiate, from which went forth new colonies of sisters year after year, to take charge of institutions of charity and learning in many states of the Union and Canada. In the year 1861, Syracuse was blessed with their presence. They came on the invitation of Rev. Father Hackett, and arrived here on the very day the remains of this holy man were laid away in the cemetery. The first superioress was Mother Gonzaga, who experienced all the privations and difficulties consequent to the laying of

the foundation of a new mission. Her tenure was of short duration. She was succeeded by Mother Cecilia, who was a woman of extraordinary ability. She organized the first graded school in this parish. The building was located on the corner of Turtle and North Salina streets, and though convent and school were crowded together under the one roof, yet some of our most prominent citizens, Protestant as well as Catholic, were educated there. Mother Cecilia was followed by Mother Evangelist, who was in turn replaced by Mother Ligouri. Then came Mother Stanislaus, Mother Joanna and Mother Octavia. Mother Stanislaus transferred the school from its old quarters to the abandoned church. The change was one for the better. At least the teachers and pupils had more room and better air, though in winter there was more than sufficient. Then came Mother Clara, who remained here nine years. She witnessed the erection of our commodious new school. First came the two-story square building, which was later supplemented by a new addition built of pressed brick and

Onondaga lime stone, which now ornaments North Salina street. It was constructed by Messrs. O'Brien and Hoolihan of this parish. It seemed to bless their future work, for to-day these gentlemen stand in this community as most excellent representative business men. Mother Clara was succeeded by our present superioress, Mother Anna Joseph. Then came Mother Urbana, who after two years was replaced by Mother Anna Joseph, who has lifted the school to a very high standard.

The present school edifice forms a striking contrast with the old parish school of long ago. The old rickety wooden structure has given place to our beautiful school building, with all the modern improvements of good ventilation, excellent light and comfortable class rooms. The old plank benches have been replaced by the latest and best style of school desks, finished and polished in the most attractive manner; the small primitive black-boards have been driven out by the smooth black slate that circles every class room; the antiquated charts, globes and maps have given place

to the latest and best of their kind; the dingy, colorless walls, decorated here and there with some caricature of a saint or the Crucified One, are now beautifully frescoed and ornamented with works of Christian art, representing our Savior, the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the guardian angel, or some of our distinguished American statesmen, warriors or writers; the few books of reference are now replaced by a whole library of standard authors; natural sciences are made easy by the splendid collection of specimens and apparatus that are to be found in our academy of to-day. Great has been the change that has taken place during the past twenty-five years.

The list of the sisters who have been called to their eternal reward is a long one, but it is a roll of honor that we should revive from time to time, so as to renew our gratitude by remembering the dear dead in the holy Mass and in our daily prayers. The first to answer the dread summons was Mother Evangelist, who died in Florida. Then followed Mother Joanna, the sixth superioress,

who died in South Troy; Sister Agatha and Sister Peter Richard, who died at St. Louis; Sister Cecilia, Sister Delphine, Sister Philip, Sister Calista, Sister Magdalene, Sister Aloysisus, Sister Thomas and Sister Cleopha. These were all prior to my assuming charge of this parish. Since my advent Sister Prudentiana, who was beloved by the entire community, and dear Sister Agnes Clare, whose memory is enshrined, in the heart of every child in this parish, passed away. Also dear Sister Alicia Joseph, who spent a short term with us, long enough to make us all love her dearly, died at the Mother house in Troy during the past year. Sister Ursula and Sister Lucida, though not missioned here, are still remembered by us all. They too have gone to their reward. They were all pure, sweet souls, ripe for heaven, and as benefactors they should never be forgotten by parishioners of old St. John the Baptist's church.

Have you ever examined the life of a religious, and studied the mould in which she is cast? You, who commit your children to her gentle, loving care, come

and see for yourselves. Behold the young lady, who was once known to the world, now in the simple, modest attire of a sister. It matters not the name of her community. She has been snatched from the wreck and ruin of the world, and led apart into the solitude by Him whom she loved with a special predilection. Every throb of her soul goes up to God, and she exclaims in the words of the inspired writer: "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O, Lord, God of Hosts; my soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord." She has been guided by faith and illumined by grace in solving for herself the mystery of life. Early in youth she conceived the all important truth that she was not made for earth. The world might seem beautiful, but in that beauty she finds but the dim beauty of Him, of whom all earth's loveliness is but a faint shadow. She seeks to bid farewell to all earth's pleasures and conseccrates her youthful freshness to Him, who made it to His image; to put aside the intoxicating cup which the world offers its votaries, and to lay upon her lips, instead, the bitter chalice

which her Savior emptied to the dregs. The voices of the earth might murmur around her, but they passed her by like the idle winds; whispers of worldliness might come to her, but in her heart they found no echo. Clouds of passion might pass over her soul, but they flitted by like shadows and left not a mark to tell that they had passed. The billows might surge around her, but above the din and roar of a wicked world her ears drank in the music of one sweet voice. It came to her across the troubled waters saying in the words of the Canticle: "Come out from Libanus, my spouse; come out from Libanus. Come, thou shalt be crowned." And rising quickly, like Mary, she answered, "I come," and leaving all she seeks to follow Jesus.

It is not strange that a religion established by a crucified Savior should be a religion of sacrifice. By the sacrifice of Himself has Jesus saved us, and by the sacrifice of ourselves must that sacrifice be applied to us. In the consecrated religious, behold the perfection of the spirit of sacrifice, the spirit that seeks admission to a state, the essential condition of

which is the sacrifice of that which is dearest to the human heart—the sacrifice of self will. To renounce her will, to give her liberty away, to place her life in the keeping of another, perhaps one devoid of sympathy, to bind herself to regulate her every action by another's bidding, only a religion like ours can present a sacrifice like this.

Not that in reality the world she is leaving has nothing of solid happiness in it for those who serve it. It wants to purchase from us our immortal souls and the price it offers may be summed up in these three words—riches, honors, pleasures. For riches? Oh, dear friends, whom have they made happy? Do they not bring care to break the rich man's rest and vex his troubled spirit? Can they bring balm to a wounded conscience? Can they soothe an aching heart? Oh, no; riches would be a poor price for an immortal soul. Let the fool go forth if he will and start in the mad race for riches; let him sow the toil and sweat of his body, the uneasiness and anxiety of his troubled spirit; let him reap the golden harvest and gather it

into his graineries, and then in the hour of his pride and success, as surely as God has said it, the terrible voice will sound in his ears: "Fool, fool; this night thy soul will be demanded of thee," and what will he bring to the grave? Oh, dear friends, there is no semblance of riches there, save the tinsel that glistens on the lid of the coffin.

Honors? Shall we sell our souls for these? To sit a little above our fellows and have our names a theme of praise; to have men watch our every action and be mindful of our lightest word, and then die and be forgotton, or even take the purchase at its best—perhaps to leave our names to the years and the centuries; nay, even to live upon the lips of men till the day of doom. Oh, what a price to pay that we might look up forever from the flames of Hell and hear the world speak of us and our dead, unprofitable past!

Shall we sell our souls for pleasure? Oh, dear friends, they have no charm that is real. Their wine tastes sweet upon the lips at first, but soon it becomes insipid. We may sow in foolish joy, but

the bread of the harvest will be bitter with our tears. When we have drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs, we find only remorse ; remorse that is the type and precursor of the worm that never dieth and the fire that is never extinguished.

I know that it is a hard task to persuade youth that these facts are so; unfortunately for themselves they want to know by experience. But the religious is wise enough to seek and follow the teaching of grace. She is forever sheltered from things that make salvation hard. In the quiet of her convent home her life glides calmy on, undisturbed by most of the storms that vex the spirit and wear out the troubled heart. She daily becomes familiar with Jesus and she learns to love him as a friend. Here in this solitude she studies the art of gentle teaching and the manner of leading the little ones to the feet of Jesus. Her whole life is devoted to the instructing of children unto justice, or caring for God's poor in some of our charitable institutions. Such is the teacher to whom Catholics commit their children in our

Catholic schools. Is there danger for the family or for the State in placing your children in the care of such teachers? Let us examine this question.

Catholic schools are nearly as well established a fact in the United States as is the Catholic Church. Parish schools and private schools, convents and academies, colleges and universities, kindergartens and manual training schools are scattered throughout the land. The foundling and the orphan are cared for as well as the child of wealth. Thec harity of the Church is the practical application of her teachings, and this charity is as wide spread as humanity. It stops not at creature comforts and material well-being, but supplies intellectual food and distributes the bread of moral and spiritual life. Education has been at all times in the history of the church a vital matter upon which she has never made compromise, a paramount matter to which many things are subservient and for which her children are prepared to make many sacrifices; it has been a cherished work to which she has given her serious thought. The decrees of council and

synod in every Christian land are untiring in urging upon the clergy to look after the education of the children, the faith and morals of their teachers, and the character of the instruction given them. Wherever a church was erected there was a school established; within the walls of every monastery were the children of the neighborhood daily instructed.

The education of youth is intimately and inseparably connected with the work of the church. It is a function she can never abandon. And so we witness today as well as in the days of St. Benedict and in every age and clime since then, the spectacle of men and women renouncing all other duties and responsibilities in life that they may devote themselves, without other compensation than the pittance requisite to maintain them, to the noble work of educating Catholic youth. They impart secular knowledge, and with it, giving it life and force, they impart Christian doctrine and Christian morality. These religious teachers are in the world though not of it; they stand aloof from the general run of men,

known only to a few, held in respect and esteem by those knowing them, and looked upon with suspicion by those who have not the slightest conception of a religious vocation. It is asked in all earnestness: "Are these men and women competent to train good citizens? Is there aught to be apprehended from such training?" There are intellectual persons who entertain the worst forebodings concerning these religious teachers and who look upon the Parish school as a menace to the safety of this commonwealth. Is it prejudice, or are there real grounds for such an opinion? Let us look the matter full in the face.

II.

There are certain fundamental truths that cannot be ignored in examining the matter. It is undeniable, for instance, that modern civilization is erected upon a religious basis. That basis is Christian. A Christian spirit pervades our laws and customs; it moulds our public

opinion; it is the inspiration of what is best and noblest in our literature ; it establishes our criterion of right and wrong. This republic of ours is signally Christian in its formation and in its devolopment. The early settlers were earnest in their religious views. They generally acted up to the dictates of their conscience, whether it bade them be intolerant as in Puritan New England, or tolerant as in Catholic Maryland. Our constitution was framed in a Christian spirit; our laws are, many of them, administered with the Decalogue in mind as the measure of action. The hate, the intolerance, and the fierce bigotry have in a measure dropped from the old puritan spirit, and it now stands forth clothed in the broad garb of Christian charity, and the better elements of that spirit still, to a degree, rule our people.

Another fundamental truth is that as with art, with history, with nations and peoples, there is an ideal, so has each individual his ideal. The ideal in its highest form is the development of the soul towards the perfection of the whole man. But the perfection of the whole

man implies the prefection of the citizen. Now, Christianity has supplied the ideal in the person of Jesus. Every approach to the divine ideal is an onward and upward step in the march of humanity. And so the perfection of the soul in every virtue is also the perfection of the man, the citizen. Lecky, who has lost all hold upon Christianity in his own person, is too keen-sighted a historian not to perceive this truth. "The great characteristics of Christianity," he says, "and the great moral proof of its divinity, is that it has been the main source of the development of Europe, and that it has discharged this office, not so much by the inculcation of a system of ethics, however pure, as by the assimilating and attractive influence of a perfect ideal. The usual progress of mankind can never cease to be distinctively and intensely Christian, as long as it consists of a gradual approximation to the character of the Christian Founder. There is, indeed, nothing more wonderful in the history of the human race than the way in which that ideal has traversed the lapse of ages, acquiring a new strength and

beauty with each advance of civilization, and infusing its beneficent influence into every sphere of thought and action."* Here is a great truth, recognized by Christian and non-Christian, and therefore not to be gainsaid or pooh-poohed.

The ideal of all mankind, indeed of all civilization, being the Christian ideal, how may it be acquired by each individual, and preserved by the whole nation? Assuredly not by excluding Christian prayer, Christian dogma and Christian practices from the life of a child during a certain number of hours daily; neither is it to be acquired by reducing all Christian truth to a minimum. Not in secularized schools is the Christian ideal impressed, for the image that has not been exposed cannot affect the eye. And when all other ideals are brought forward—pagan ideals, literary ideals, scientific ideals, foot-ball ideals, ideals of the prize ring, ideals of the race course—where afterwards may one be found for that all-important, all-absorbing, ideal which is the great Exemplar of human

* Rationalism in Europe. I. pp. 311 312.

life? It falls into the background; it may easily be forgotten or ignored or brought into contempt. Nor can that ideal be impressed in the teaching of an emasculated Christianity, for such in reality is the paring down of a creed to that which is common to all denominations. The vague, the indefinite cannot present a motive of action. The history of all religions reveals the fact that the more clear-cut is the dogma, the more accurately defined is the creed, the stronger and more efficient has been its influence upon men and nations. Then, and then only, is it a life-giving force.

Now be it remembered that every principal fragment of Christian revelation is a treasure to be prized more than life itself, and the retention of even a single Christian truth, were it only the essential fundamental truth of the divinity of Christ, is an unspeakable blessing. But the faith of Catholics cannot accept Christianity in this fragmentary form. Non-Catholics who still believe in Christ are so viewy in their beliefs and to such an extent confuse matters of faith with matters of opinion, that they do not per-

ceive the evil of minimizing Christian truth or separating Christian doctrines. With time they will learn that such paring away des roys all the robustness of Christianity as a living force and ends in a complete loss of faith. But from their point of view it is a cause of surprise to them when Catholics assure them in all earnestness that upon principle they cannot allow their children to accept an education based upon what is vaguely styled a common Christianity. They have formed an erroneous conception of the real character of the Church. At best, they look upon her as a form of Christianity, differing from Lutheranism or Calvanism only in certain details of doctrine, this difference being simply one of degree rather than of kind. Such a view of the Church places her among the sects. It is a view that no Catholic can hold. And when we shall have known the Catholic conception of the Church of God we will be in position to understand the conscientious motives that move Catholics to make so many sacrifices in order to have schools of their own.

III.

The Church is not a sect. She is not merely a body of doctrines, nor a code of morality, nor an aggregate of individuals holding a common belief. Nor is she a purely human institution erected upon an inspired book. She is something more. She is a living organism whose soul is the Holy Ghost and whose head is Jesus Christ; permanent in the midst of change; ever holding the same body of truth; ever employing the same means of sanctifying souls, and ever dispensing favors out of the treasury of grace and mercy that God has placed in her keeping for the benefit of man. What she was in the morning of human creation, she shall continue to be during all eternity. Generations are born, and grow to maturity, and decay, and vanish from the scenes of life, but the Church is not these generations. They come and go, but she remains unchanged and unchangeable, one of God's fairest and noblest creations. She is the lawfully

established medium by which God holds communion with man through His Divine Son, the Word made flesh. In all that goes to make up her very essence and nature—in the Divine elements of that essence and nature—she stands aloof from the mere accidents of earth and the changes of time. Her past is one with her present; her present shall be one with her future. What her teachings were in the long ago, they shall be in the farthest time to come. Her doctrines may be more clearly defined with the evolution of human thought; they may be adjusted to the environment of intelligence, and recast in the literary and scientific language of a given period, but they are still the same doctrines that were in the deposit of faith when the Holy Ghost first breathed into the Church the breath of her supernatural life, and constituted her the greatest living organism by which man is raised to the supernatural sphere of grace.

The distinction between the Divine and the human elements of the Church is ever to be borne in mind. Her children may sin grieviously; scandals and abuses

may prevail among those enrolled under her banner; the men into whose hands her destiny has been committed may prove themselves unworthy of their high trust, but the deepest stain upon them sullies not the Church of which they are unworthy members. She can have no part in sin or crime. Her divinity is hedged in beyond the reach of sinful man. She is incorruptible. Holy in her doctrines, holy in her sacraments, holy in the lives of those among her children who live up to her teachings; the splendor of her holiness cannot be tarnished. She is one and indivisible in her faith. He who knowingly and deliberately rejects a single article of that faith, thereby ceases to be a living member of her mystical body. She is all-embracing in her charity. She exacts from her believers neither learning, nor transcendent dispositions of mind and heart. The most unlettered man or woman may be as acceptable in her communion as the possessor of the acute intellect of an Augustine or an Aquinas. She never grows old. She is a momentous fact, an ever living presence. This faintly traced

conception of the Church is that which every practical Catholic holds consciously or unconsciously. And it is in order that their children shall inherit this sacred birthright that Catholic parents as a rule endeavor to send them to a Catholic school. They consider it a crying injustice to their offspring to do aught that would deprive them of this precious heritage, or endanger their losing it through ignorance or indifference.

IV.

Is there anything in our Catholic doctrines intrinsically opposed to the spirit and the constitution of our country? Search our books of recognized authority. In vain do you ransack the pages of our representative Catholic writers for any doctrine or dogma that is incompatible with our American institutions. Our great Catholic theologians have been eloquent expounders of broad political views. St. Thomas Aquinas—and who more representative than the Angel of

the Schools?—assures us that the best constitution is where there are to be found a leader who is virtuous, and a select body of men to govern with him in equity and justice—all being selected from the people. "The best constitution of princes, or of chiefs," he tells us "in a city or in a kingdom, is where a single person is proposed according to virtue, and still this government appertains to all, as well because the chief may be elected from among the whole people, as because they are in fact elected by the whole people. This kind of government is the best, being well mixed with royalty, inasmuch as only one presides;—with aristocracy, inasmuch as several govern according to virtue;—and with democracy, that is to say, with the power of the people, inasmuch as the princes may be elected from among the men of the people, and that to the people it appertains to elect the princess."* Thus, in days of kingly rule did St. Thomas lay down the principles both of a constitutional monarchy and of representative government.

*De Regimine Principum.

This is doctrine wholly in accord with our constitution for it makes the people the source whence the ruler or chief is to be elected, be he called king or president.

No less conformable to the spirit of our legislation is St. Thomas's idea of law. An essential element of human law is that it be according to the principles of reason. He does not regard as law any ruling that agrees not with those principles. In so far as legislation deviates from right reason is it an unjust law; in such case it is not law at all but rather a species of violence.* Law should not be made for private ends but rather to subserve the common good. It is any rational ruling for the common good promulgated by whomsoever is charged with the care of the social body." This great schoolman draws all the legitimate conclusions from the principles he lays down. His is a logic that stops not half way. The ruler of the government that should enact laws not in accord with reason and common sense, would truly abuse

*Ia, 2ae, Quaest. 93, Art. 3.

the power vested in the one or the other, and would forfeit the confidence of the people; and the people were fully justified in alienating their right from such a ruler or such a government.* He thus places sovereignty in the hands of the people. He goes farther, and asserts that all men are in their nature and essence equal.† Thus it is that the political philosophy of Aquinas is the basis of our declaration of independence. The principles taught by this Catholic doctor are the principles upon which our constitution is constructed. Truly hath it been said that he erected "the archetypal house of modern political building."‡ His are the principles upon which the fathers of the revolution acted when they fought for liberty and justice. Now the representative Catholic doctrine here glanced at is still held and taught in our schools of higher studies. Is there in it all anything subversive of our American institutions?

---

*De Regimine Principum i. cap. vi. Opera. t. XVI. pp. 229-230.

† 2a. 2ae. quaest 104, art. 5.

‡ Alexander, Influencing the Schoolmen in Modern Literature, p. 29.

But we are told that the Catholic Church is opposed to human progress. By no means. Be it known that all movement is not progress. Motion may retrograde as well as advance. Now modern democracy and modern socialism are of Christian origin, and some of our most advanced socialists have been churchmen; of course, there is a true and a false socialism. There is the socialism that leads to the destruction of law and order, and there is the socialism that would raise men up out of poverty and misery and discontent into ease, competence and happiness. Catholic socialism is a recognized force in these days. It seeks the amelioration of the people through religious influence; its chief aim is to combat the irreligious tendencies of the socialism of materialism and atheism. This latter socialism is based upon false conceptions of man's place in this world, of his rights and duties, of labor and captial, and it increases in proportion as the religious life and the religious spirit grow weak. The two socialisms have very little in common. True socialism, as well as true Christianity

implies the protection and support of the weak. The socialism that draws its principles from Darwinism is for the destruction of all but the strong. It is built upon the theory that only the fittest shall survive. There is between the two an antagonism that knows no reconciliation. In the teachings of Leo XIII. on the condition of labor and the rights and duties of the workingman, are laid down the principles of Christian socialism. Therein are clearly defined the lines of advancement. Anarchy and Nihilism are as far removed from the teachings of Leo as they were from the sense of right and justice of the citizens of Chicago when they undertook to carry out their notions of destruction and disorder. Catholics possess in a measure, as by reflection, some of that wary conservative spirit of the Church, who has her course ever mapped out, knowing whence she came and whither she is going, and who is not easily moved by every shifting wind of doctrine, nor likely to adopt every new-fangled notion. Were they a body of men who to-day might be Millerities, to-morrow Mormons, next day

Shakers or Philansterians, then indeed might their restlessness become a menace to the community. But in every great issue that arises, the Catholic body is found on the side of order and true progress. Where in any of the official pronouncements of a Baltimore Council or in any Papal utterance may you find one iota not compatible with the spirit of progress along the lines of a wise conservatism? Well, it is in this same spirit of progress that the Church fosters schools and indoctrinates her children. Why, then, should men take umbrage at those schools?

V.

Even when it is conceded that our Catholic citizens are conservative and public-spirited, and that there is nothing in our Catholic teachings and dogmas incompatible with republican institutions, we are still told, even by some Catholics, that in keeping our Catholic children aloof, and educating them upon other methods than those made use of in the

public schools, we are placing them at a disadvantage; they lack the true American spirit inasmuch as they do not pass through the same mould. Thinking men have been recently testing the value of that mould and have found in it some serious flaws. We do not propose throwing stones at that mould; we would not see it destroyed; we consider it in many respects an admirable institution. We would see it strengthened and perfected and made truly American; for we hold that the public school as it now exists is not an ideal American institution. One-fourth of the taxation that goes to the erection and support of that institution is taxation without representation, inasmuch as those paying the taxes cannot in conscience avail themselves of its advantages. Again, the public schools in their present secularized form are opposed to the intentions which the fathers of the republic had in establishing them. All the early schools had a decidedly religious cast. Strong religious sentiments permeated their reading books; religious practices accompanied their class exercises; religion was in the home, in the

school, in the town-hall, in the very atmosphere. The Puritans were an intensely religious people; it was their strong Christian faith, though somewhat marred by their puritanical prejudices, that built up the staunch citizens which have made this country, Except where a school board can here and there manage to retain a text-book that gives a good old-fashioned fling at papists and the Church of Rome, would these venerable fathers recognize in our secularized public schools the legitimate descendants of their village, town, and district schools? The truly American school should be the school broad as the American constitution, the school in which every religious denomination would have its own teachers paid out of the tax that its members contribute. Then might every Christian boy and girl attend them and find in them the spiritual nourishment that would make of each and all robust Christian men and women. Then would the Christian spirit that has given solidity and force and energy to our republic continue to make us a Christian people.

In the meantime, Catholics will continue to build their own schools. Nor are they alone. The leading Christian denominations are forced in self-defence to follow in the same course. *The Methodist* writes editorially: "In our judgment the denominational schools of the land, as compared with the purely secular or State schools, are on moral grounds incomparably the safest. Our State institutions as a general thing are the hotbeds of infidelity not less than of vice. That unbelief should be fostered and fomented therein is not unnatural. The restraints of religion are removed. The pride of intellect is stimulated; science, falsely so called, usurps the place of the Bible. Science, we have said, and we thoroughly believe, that our Church should invest ten millions at least in the next ten years in denominational schools. Why? Because we believe that this system is the American one and the only safe one."* This alarm cry has also gone forth from the Episcopalians in General Convention in the following resolution:

*See Catholic World, June, 1893. Literary Digest, Vol. VII, No. 7, p. 181.

"That the bishops and clergy remind the people of their duty to support and build up our own schools and colleges, and to make education under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church superior in all respects to that which is afforded in other institutions."* The *Christian Union* is equally opposed to the existing state of things. We read: "The time has come for a vigorous war upon the popular notion that religion can be excluded from any system of education. The secularization of the public schools is false in psychology. It assumes that a child can be divided up like a tenement into different rooms, part developed and part left undeveloped. This is not true. . . It assumes that religion is something apart from life. . . This conception of religion is wholly pernicious."† Their unanimous testimony is brought to bear against the present public-school system.

The tendency the world over is to secularize education. But would it not be worth the while for responsible persons

*Ibid.

†Ibid.

to pause before running headlong in that direction, and question the wisdom of the proceedings? Is it a safe course to leave God and his Christian revelation outside of the school room? The child is frequently more logical than the man. If the distinctive religious formulas that embody for him the truths of Christian revelation as he and his parents apprehend them, be eliminated from his books, if all pious practices are abolished during school hours, why may they not be abolished all day long? Why may they not be eliminated altogether? So may the child reason; so has he reasoned, and as the cares and struggles of life absorbed his energies, he forgot the prayers he had learned at his mother's knee, and every shred of Christian truth dropped from his soul. Who are they who would see our children come to this pass? They are atheists, infidels, agnostics, men without religion themselves. Do they represent the best traditions of our republic? These traditions should be sacred. Our very existence as a nation is rooted in them. There is no such thing as a beginning in history, every event is the outcome

of all previous events; our present state of existence is rooted in the past activities of our ancestors. Although our republic ostensibly stands upon the basis of natural rights, still, in the enforcement of these rights, in the rulings of our courts of justice, in the fundamental principles of law and order, in the great public opinion that guides external behavior, it is Christianity that speaks and acts and is the moving power. The fathers of our constitution who builded so well and nobly intended to build in a Christian sense. They could scarcely do otherwise. The common law of England, which was the very atmosphere in which they breathed, was Christian in its growth and development. And for this reason, no institution that is not planted in Christian principles can thrive or flourish among us, or be a boon to our people. By all means let us have our public schools, but let us broaden them and lay their foundations deeper. Let us make them intensely religious and universally denominational. Our constitution is pledged to protect in the exercise of their functions all religions not sub-

versive of government, but secularism, irreligion, atheism, have no rights as such to enforce, which our State or Federal laws are bound to respect.

The methods of our Catholic schools are not the methods of the public schools. The Jesuits have their methods bequeathed to them from the sixteenth century when they captured the whole civilized world by the brilliancy of their teaching; the sisterhoods have their methods modeled after the constitution that Peter Fourier drafted for them in the last years of the same century. The Christian Brotherhoods have their methods as laid down by one of the most eminent educational geniuses of the seventeenth century, Blessed John Baptist de la Salle. Now, we want the light of day let in upon these methods. We would have them perfectly understood. We would have them examined in their application and in their results. We do not fear contact with the State. We would have all our teachers hold certificates and diplomas from the States. We would rejoice to see the State Superintendents of Education visit our classes, examine our work, read

our text-books, study our methods, look carefully into the results we achieve; in a word become familiar with our work. We are not ashamed of results or of methods. We do not shirk competition. What we do emphatically object to is that intelligent men should congregate in nooks and corners and cry down our methods and sneer at our results without having ever given a fair examination to one or the other.

However, our Catholic schools are becoming better known than formerly, and their work is more appreciated. Several of them in the State of New York are under the School Board and are subject to inspection and examination from the State officers. Their record is to be found in the published reports. Several are under the Regents, and the very rigid examinations of this body give evidence of the efficiency and standing of the schools so placed. The boys of our Catholic schools in New York State enter the race for cadetships in West Point and Annapolis, and generally carry off the honors. Here in your Crescent City,

children educated in your most excellent Catholic schools and colleges fill every walk of life with credit to themselves and their religious teachers. One fact is worth pages of assertion. Some years ago Congressman Warner of New York had thirty-five young men examined for a West Point cadetship. The pupils of the Cathedral school of New York ranked as follows in the competition: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. In this competition there were young men from grammar schools, from private schools and from the New York City College. In the face of these facts who will undertake to accuse our schools of inefficiency? Here I may record a testimony from abroad. When a few years ago a bill was introduced in the British House of Commons to secure for the Christian Brothers' school a share of the public fund annually voted for national education in Ireland, Lord Randolph Churchill paid them this tribute: "I have seen many of their schools. . . . They have a most wonderful method of teaching. I should say their methods of teaching are superior to those of ordinary schools in Ireland. . . And, Sir, what

is the fault of the Christian Brothers, who confer undoubtedly the greatest possible benefit on Ireland? The fault, Sir, is that they will not give up—and I declare I think it greatly to their credit, and I praise them for it—they will not give up their religious instruction." But we are not gathering testimony to the efficiency of our Catholic educational system. It is open to all for examination and inspection.

Wherein, then, is this system incompatible with our American spirit? Is it that we do not teach patriotism? Patriotism is not a commodity to be confined within the covers of a book. It is not a lesson to be conned by rote. It is in the very air. It permeates public opinion; it underlies our public and private actions; it dictates our public measures. It can no more be kept out of a school when it is the inspiration of a whole people than can the atmosphere one breathes. It may be fanned in the child's breast to a brighter glow by the rehearsal of the story of independence, of the lives of America's great men, of the deeds of valor and daring achieved upon the

battle-field; by the recital of extracts from our great orators and poets; by the celebration of anniversaries and the raising of flags; but these things would avail little in a breast in which the spirit of patriotism was extinct. Now the healthy patriotic sentiment that fills the land has not been shut out from our Catholic schools. We do not neglect the history of our independence, though we may call the attention of our Catholic youths to the share such men as Charles Carroll of Carrollton and his cousin, Archbishop Carroll, and Barry, the father of the American navy, and other Catholics took in the struggle. While we trace the wonderful growth of our country in wealth and prosperity we do not fail to make our children familiar with the no less wonderful progress of Catholicity in this land of liberty; while we omit no name that has honored America in the world of letters, we do not forget to mention those who being Catholics are ignored or inadequately treated in text-books coming from non-Catholic pens. We have actually been censured for this and our school-books have been called

un-American. Is the accusation in any sense a fair one? Surely, the censure is far more un-American than the act censured, for the essence of our American spirit is a sense of honesty and fair play.

And for this reason it will not be regarded as a fault of our system if we teach history from our own point of view. Once, we were accused of falsifying history when treating of the great religious upheavals of the past; but there is not a statement in our Catholic books that cannot now be confirmed by a non-Catholic authority of weight as a scholar. We hold with Carlyle that "the first of all gospels is that no lie shall live," and so we cannot always accept either the statement of fact or the conclusions of our non-Catholic historians. We hold that our Catholic historians ought to be the best judges of all matters pertaining to the Catholic Church, just as the members of a family should be best acquainted with the inner workings and purposes of the family in all its actions. For this reason we positively decline to accept most versions of history that are prepared for our public school children.

Finally, it is objected that this exclusiveness of our Catholic schools prevents our Catholic children from being moulded after the typical pattern of the American boy. Then it is equally true of every private school in the land containing the children of the elite. Every objection applying to us would with equal force apply to them. There is a difference in the type of boy or girl turned out by a Catholic school and a public school. The public-school child is more self-reliant; he has more assurance; he never doubts about his ability to do anything he undertakes; the Catholic school child is diffident of his powers, underestimates himself and requires encouragement to put forth his whole strength. This is especially true of the child of Irish descent. Is this modesty and diffidence a great defect? It may handicap one at the start, but with practice in any trade or profession, with the constant incumbency of putting forth all one's energy to hold one's own in the struggle for place and wealth, the modesty and diffidence soon cease to be a source of weakness. In all other respects, an analysis of the objec-

tions vanish into thin air. It is a mere cant phrase. There is no moulding, there is no fusion. Children that sit on the same bench in school, in after life may never meet. Each may belong to a different circle. But the child who has had a religious education and who lives up to the precepts of his training, need not regret it. He is no stranger, he is at home in a Christian republic safely guarded by Christian laws, animated by Christian sentiments and holding by a Christian standard of truth and morality.

Prior to the coming of the Sisters of St. Joseph, through the efforts of the saintly Father Haes the services of the Sisters of Charity were secured. Three sisters came in 1852. They taught school in the basement of old St. Mary's Church till 1860, when the new St. Vincent de Paul asylum afforded them more comfortable quarters. They have conducted ever since a private school in connection with the asylum. Next came the Sisters of St Joseph in 1861. In 1862 the Sisters of the third order of St. Francis took charge of the School of the Church of Assumption. In 1883 Father Guerdet secured the Sisters of St. Joseph for the Church of St. John the Evangelist, the present Cathedral. In the same year the Sisters of Christian Charity took charge of St. Joseph's (German) Church. In 1893 the Sisters of St. Francis (Minn) took charge of

the school connected with the Church of the Sacred Heart (Polish). In 1893 the Sisters of St. Francis took charge of the school connected with the Church of the Holy Trinity. In 1894 the Sisters of St. Joseph opened their third house in this city; they took charge of St. Lucy's Academy. Besides the above named institutions, the Sisters of St. Francis are in charge of St. Joseph's Hospital and St. Anthony's Convent. From the modest and humble beginning of the long ago the Sisterhoods of this city have increased in numbers and institutions.

To-day we have nearly 200 Sisters in charge of nine Catholic schools with an aggregate daily attendance of upwards of 3,000 children; two orphan asylums for boys and girls with about 300 inmates; one hospital delightfully located and well managed; and a novitiate for the training of young Sisters of the Third order of St. Francis. This novitiate furnishes subjects for all the schools of the Eastern province. All this is the development of the little seed that was planted by the first Catholic Church of Central New York.

The Educational Work of the Church.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made, Let us rejoice and be glad therein."

Rererend Fathers, and dearly beloved Brethren:

I have ventured to apply to this occasion the word which our Holy Mother, the Church, sings on the great Easter festivity, because the dispositions of heart which underlie a Jubilee celebration are happy in the extreme. They include gratitude to God for wonderful favors received during a very long period; hope that the future will be even more

abundantly blessed, and tender recollection of the combats—the victories, and the defeats, often more precious than triumphs, which mark that period of time, so long when looked at in advance, but which, when viewed in retrospect, especially if it has been in the main happy and prosperous, seems scarcely the length of one, good, beautiful, sunshiny, spring or summer day.

The Jubilee of even an individual life, or of a marriage, or of residence in a particular house or place is often a legitimate cause for joy: calling to mind all the pathetic, tender, critical, and sometimes heroic scenes of the exquisite drama of human life, the joys and sorrows, the pleasures and pains, the loves and rancors, the combats and restings, and the ever varying fortunes of a quarter of a century of years, months, days, hours, minutes and seconds replete with the action of a soul, and so strangely divided that some of the seconds may have been as full of event and importance as years, and some of the years as unmarked and tranquil as the swiftest second that ever flew by.

When the festival marks the life of a public person, one whose sphere of influence has been large and wide and good, the reasons for thanksgiving and happy retrospect and future hope are greater still. These increase when there is question of an institution of beneficence. But the climax is reached when we thank Almighty God for the Jubilee of a Church. The graces of a Church are as far above those of anything else, as the spiritual is above the corporal, the eternal above the temporal, the sun above the earth on which he sheds his life-giving rays. Did you ever stop to calculate the amount of good done by a Church in a single day? The sacrifices offered, clean oblations, always acceptable to the Lord: the Holy Communions received, the sins effaced by the Blood of Christ in the Sacrament of Penance, the souls regenerated by the waters of Baptism, the soldiers of God armed and fortified with the holy oil of unction, the dying persons comforted and strengthened for their journey to that bourne whence no traveler returns, the blind eyes opened to the light of truth and faith,

the souls united in matrimony, the blighted lives revivified, the broken hearts healed, the tears dried, the hungry mouths fed, the constant uplifting in matters both spiritual and temporal of all to whom its influence extends—all these make a sum of happy benediction which none but the recording Angel could even attempt to calculate. The Church is the all-loving, all-benefitting mother of the human race. Her maternity is the greatest blessing we enjoy, after the paternity of God himself.

But this venerable Church and parish of St. John the Baptist, Syracuse, has been a source of good far beyond even that which ordinarily falls to the lot of Christian temples and congregations. We live in a very democratic age, where every man counts for exactly what he is in himself—when is realized the sentiment of the poet that

"——one sad losel stains a name for aye.
Not all that heralds rake from coffined clay,
Nor storied prose, nor honeyed lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, nor consecrate a crime."

Noble and renowned ancestry make now only more sadly conspicuous the vices of unworthy descendants. Still, nobility, true nobility, in the sense that virtue is the real and the only nobility, is and always will be very desirable. Now this Church points to no nobility of lineage, except a long race of illustrious saints and martyrs from which she is sprung. But she is noble in more than lineage. The great Napoleon was once twitted by a prince of the house of Bourbon, that he had no noble ancestry to which he could point. He replied, "My dear sir, I am vastly your superior in point of blood. You pride yourself on your fathers. My children will pride themselves on me. You are only a descendant. I am an ancestor." Similarly, your Church is an ancestor. It was the first Catholic temple erected in Central New York. On this spot the Holy Sacrifice was first offered in a Church especially built and dedicated to the service of Almighty God. All the other parishes of this region have emanated from St. John's. She is the prolific mother of all these wonderful channels of Divine

Grace. Some of them, like Horace's "daughter more beautiful than thy lovely mother," may have out-stripped her from whom they sprung. But each and every one of them does her honor to-day, thanks God for the graces received from her, and delights to call her blessed. And let no one imagine that your glory is all in the past. "Time writes no wrinkle on your azure brow." There never was a day in all those twenty-five years, nor in the years before, when a more simple temple stood upon this hallowed ground; when the Church of St. John the Baptist was stronger, or more powerful for good than it is to-day.

The illustrious Dr. Ludden, Bishop of Syracuse, under whose watchful direction your work is done, has no superior in the hierarchy of the United States, for prudence and for zeal. Your devoted Pastor, Father Mullany, whom I have had the privilege and the pleasure of knowing and of loving since early school days—and for whom my love and admiration have had cause to increase with every year—is as well known for energy, intrepidity, nobility of sonl and tender-

ness of heart in New York, New Orleans and SanFrancisco, as he is here on the shores of beautiful Lake Onondaga. You have proven yourselves worthy of both. Whether Bishop and Pastor caught the spirit of your virtues, or you theirs, matters not. The fact is that the three are one in the public estimation, and in the sight of God as well. We hope and pray, and we confidently expect that your virtue and your utility will never cease to grow. May your thousandth anniversary find you as young and enerjetic in increased proportions as you are to-day—realizing in your individual case, what Cardinal Manning so beautifully said of the Universal Church: "The Appian way by which St. Peter entered Rome has on either side the sepulchres of kings, counsuls, and patricians, the memorials of a kingdom, a republic and an empire. And, as the Apostle, lone and weak, passed through these shades of departed greatness to found in Rome the everlasting Church of God, he foreshadowed the path of that Church throughout the course of time. Empires, kingdoms, commonwealths lie on either

side of her road; and the shades of departed greatness and of glory that is no longer here, hover as it were about her pathway, whilst she goes on to the plenitude of her dominion, undying, imperishable, sublime—fulfilling the promise of the Father, "Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool."

There is one work for which, beyond all others, this parish is brilliantly distinguished, that in which the Bishop has spent his life, that in which the illustrious Metropolitan of New York has been for many years the intrepid leader, that which engaged the most earnest attention and thought of the Council of Baltimore, that to which our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, has devoted the greatest and most engrossing care—the sacred and all important cause of Catholic education. This cause is as old as the Church. Christ enjoined it when He bade the Apostles, go forth and teach all nations, promising in return that He would be with them all days, even to the consummation of the world. In every age and clime it has taken different

forms and phases, but its soul has always been the same, the dissemination and the conservation of Catholic Truth. For it the Apostles labored when they endured scourging and even death, or went forth from the Councils rejoicing that they had been deemed worthy to suffer for the name of the Lord Jesus. The early Christians were upholding its cause when they hid themselves in the catacombs and depicted the mysteries of their religion on the walls of the subterranean galleries. For its sake the forefathers of many of us endured oppression, poverty and prosecution of every kind. Do you ask me why I make the preaching of Catholic doctrine identical with the question of Catholic Schools? Because the two are identical. You cannot separate them. The best and most lasting religious instruction now comes from the Schools. Secular and religious instruction touch upon each other at almost every point, but particularly in History and Geography. You have done nobly in this matter. Your school is one of the best in the whole State of New York. Be steadfast in your work! You

have an uphill battle to make. But you can have absolute confidence that the result will amply compensate the labor and the pains, and that the day will come when the great noble heart of the American people will recognize the justice of our claims and relieve us of the financial burdens we are now obliged to bear. People say sometimes, our schools are not as good as those under the care and the patronage of the State. It would be no wonder if they were not, considering the scantiness of our means, and the sacrifices we are obliged to make. But they are. All honor to you and to those like you who have done the work! Who can ever sufficiently praise the heroism of those devoted Bishops and Pastors, of those noble children of St. Ignatius, St. Vincent de Paul, and Blessed De La Salle, who in face of opposition, with scanty means, and often against obstacles that seemed unsurmountable have labored onward until they have made our schools the very Palladium of the Catholic Church in the United States. And more will come in God's good time. I don't wish to be understood as quarrelling

with Public Schools, nor with our fellow-citizens of this great Republic. But at the same time our cause is right and just. The American Flag is a synonym for equal rights before the law to all. I believe in my heart that if justice could find no other asylum on earth and came back here, like the dove to the ark, every hand would be outstreched to receive her as soon as she was recognized. All we need is to press our claim wisely, persistently, watchfully. But this we *must* do if we wish to reach the apex of success. In the end, people must always staind by their own rights, if they expect that others will aid in preserving and maintaining them.

There is another form of Catholic Education to which you people of St John's have contributed much, with which your pastor has been identified from the beginning, and to which I ask your very best co-operation this year. I mean the work of the Catholic Summer School, whose headquarters are on the beautiful shores of Lake Champlain. I will not detain you at this late hour with an enumeration of its merits. You are per-

fectly aware that the Summer School is destined to do great good, and to become a most powerful arm of the Church in this favored land of ours. Help it all you can, by word and work. I hope that I shall have the extreme pleasure of greeting every one of you on the grounds at Cliff Haven, sometime between the 11th of July and the 28th of August.